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COMMONPLACE.

She tossed the curls from her blushing face;
She softly sighed, with a girlish grace,
"I'm weary of life—it's so commonplace;

"Weary of music, forever sweet;
Weary of rose-leaves beneath my feet;
Sick of the days that themselves repeat."

Faded the roses, the music stilled;
Change has come, as the maiden willed;
Sorrow the pulse of her life has thrilled—

Sorrow too deep to be sighed away;
Where is that weariness yesterday.
Bright with a beauty too fair to stay?

Into the silence that sits apart,
Keeping watch o'er the aching heart,
Stealing thought like an arrowy dart;

"Through the swift cycles of time and space
One is the fate that befalls the race—
Happy lives only are commonplace."

Rome Wasn't Built in a Day.

The boy who does a stroke and stops
Will never a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth
A mountain, so to speak;
The little atoms of sand and earth
Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams
The gold above the gray;
'Tis a thousand little yellow gleams
That make the day the day.

Not from the snow-drift May awakes
In purples, reds and greens;
Spring's whole bright retinue it takes
To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from root to root;
And blossoms bloom and fade withal
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten bread;
Then cradle, thrash and go to mill,
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out,
That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto then, at start,
'Twill help to smooth the way,
And steady up both hand and heart,
"Rome wasn't built in a day!"

LOU'S BALLOON.

I was sitting quietly in my room one morning, when a note from my old friend, Lou Livermore, was brought in. I was very fond of Lou, as, indeed, all her friends are; though she still remains, like Holmes's aunt,—

"The sole ungathered rose
On her ancestral tree."

She lives far up in the country, but occasionally comes to Boston on a visit. Her note was as follows:—

DEAR HIRST,—Here I am at the Hub at the west end of it: is that the hubbiest part, I wonder? I am coming over to see you on Thursday. I meant to go to-day; but I can't; I'm all used up,—"clear tuckered out," as Aunt Polly used to say. "What has done it?" Why, my new dress; and such a dress! It will give you fits to see how my back is hutched up and puffed out. I'm a regular balloon; a fashion-plate; anything that is huge and hideous,—a camel or dromedary, for example: only they, poor things! were born with humps on their backs, and I wasn't. "How came it so deformed?" In an evil hour I listened to the voice of the tempter, and put myself into the hands of a city dressmaker.

She's very stylish," quoth the tempter.

Little wrecked I in my ignorance what that meant; and I went to her rooms in sweet, confiding simplicity, bearing in an innocent-looking dress pattern under my arm. I had three *seances* with Mrs. Cuttit, a most imposing personage, of whom I stood in moral terror; and at length emerged, transformed. I went in slim; I came out stout; I went in plain; I came out hump-backed; I went in with forty dollars in my purse; I came out with just enough to pay my fare home on the street-car,—the collapse having been transferred from my person to my purse with incredible celerity and ease.

Verily, fashion "doth make cowards of us all;" yea, and puff-balls also! I wish I had the courage to go through the world in a gored gown without a pinch or puff or pucker on it; but I haven't; so I am a balloon, that by some incomprehensible machinery is raised into mountainous ridges. Surmounting these ridges at right angles to my body—if there be a body inside this corrugated globe, of which I am in serious doubt, to say nothing of an immortal soul—projects a fan-shaped, be-fringed, be-puckered basque, looking, for all the world, like a spread turkey-tail. On the top of this projection a good-sized trunk could be comfortably seated; only it might fall in! I wonder if a pappoose couldn't be inserted somewhere: I'll do so long to blend the useful with the ornamental!

Now, Hepsibah, you are a sensible married woman, competent to give good advice; and I ask you, what am I to do? Go round the world in this harlequin guise, or give the whole thing a great smash! I should be glad to preserve a modicum of self-respect; but how can I, inside of a balloon?

I shall appear in full dress at concert on Thursday to spend the day. I can't sit down; but I *should* like the lean of a bed-post and a cord: I might go up, you know. Till then, in every fibre of my stiffening. Yours truly,

THE GREAT EXPANDED.

I sat laughing over this; when in walked Hester Graywood, another old friend. After the first salutation, she slowly twirled herself round, and sank into a chair exclaiming: "Behold the woman who does!"

Ah! I saw; she, too, had on a new dress. It was of silvery-gray silk, made with one skirt, without a particle of trimming on it, and a sacque just bound with a bias fold of the same. Yes, she had dared. It was really a refreshing sight; and she looked perfectly bewitching in the quaker-like costume. But, then, Hester Graywood is such a pretty little creature, she can't help looking lovely in anything; and she knows it, so it does not require so great courage in her to dare. Yes, she looked charming. Yet, on a second glance, there seemed a kind of bareness about her, as if something were wanting. Was this because I had looked so long on mountains of frippery that my eye and taste had both been corrupted? Ten years ago we all wore such plain, single skirts, and considered ourselves elegantly dressed; why should they look mean and skimpy now?

I read Lou's note to Hester, and she promised to join us at dinner on Thursday.

"Extremes should meet," she said.

She stayed on awhile, and we had a little talk on dress, and the bondage fashion imposes; or how the taste of the community is corrupted by the overloaded, ungraceful styles in vogue now, and on many other things, such as sensible women do talk about when they get together.

"One of the greatest evils of this absurd overloading," said Hester, "is that it so fearfully overworks women. We hear a great deal about the hardships of the poor shirt-makers in our cities; and they are to be pitied, I know. But there are other women to be pitied too. Look, for example, at my neighbor, Mrs. T. She is a fair representative of a large class, and not an exaggerated case. Her husband is a hard-working mechanic, who earns a good living, and ought to lay up something for a wet day; but he can't support a wife and six children in luxury, especially as four of them are girls. Mrs. T. is an ambitious woman, and says she will have her children 'decently dressed;' that means fashionably dressed. She can't afford to hire her sewing done; so, in addition to all her housework, she makes their dresses; and if you have seen Gracie, the eldest one, you can judge what that implies."

"She's a very stylish-looking girl," I said.

"Yes; and her mother is very proud of her, as is natural. She is just seventeen; and what wonderful costumes she does bloom out in! They are all afloat with puffs and ruffles, quills and frills, till there's scarce an inch of untrimmed space about her. And Clara and Nellie go by to school every morning, each with another set of furbelowed upper skirts and under skirts, basques and sacks, while baby Belle—bless her dear little heart!—is all afloat, too, with tiny ruffles on her tiny skirt."

"Isn't she a darling?" I cried.

"Yes, lovely, with her blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks; but wouldn't she be just as pretty in a plain white dress with a bit of edging round the neck and sleeves, if it were the fashion? And the pretty Gracie—is the charm in her, her lovely complexion and fine expression, or in her furbelows and fringes?"

"In her, of course," I said. "Children and young girls are never so pleasing as when simply dressed."

"Certainly; and our taste is corrupted when we do not see this. But there's poor Mrs. T. thinks it absolutely necessary to follow the last fashion-plate; so she works like a slave from morning till night; and her sewing-machine is often going till after midnight. No wonder she looks broken down, and has neuralgia and a diseased spine. She has done the work of two women, and it is the hardest kind of work, too. Every inch of those interminable yards of hemming and binding, gathering and fastening, passes through her fingers, to say nothing of the contriving and fitting, and basting and ripping. I wonder the woman is alive. I don't believe there is a woman in the city harder worked."

"But why don't the daughters help her?"

"Those in school haven't any time. Gracie does all she can; but with her calls and callers, practising and pic-nicking, croquetting and coquetting, it would be cruel to expect her to do more than make the plainest portion of her under-clothes."

"But it's absurd," I said, "for a mechanic's wife to go into such extravagance."

"I don't know as a mechanic's wife can be expected to be more sensible than any other woman," said Hester dryly. "A reform must begin somewhere else, I fancy."

"I suppose so," I said with a sigh; but the whole subject is full of difficulties."

"All of which might be overcome if women had a spark of independence. Here is a tangible evil for them to grapple with, now that they have waked up to a sense of their strength and capabilities."

"Yes; they may as well begin a reform here, as of the nation at the ballot-box," I said, laughing. "But how to do it is the question. Is there any standard by which dress can be judged and regulated."

"Not now," said Hester; "but I believe the principles of art, true art, might be applied to dress as to other things; that there is an essential, intrinsic beauty or ugliness in our garments, entirely irrespective of fashion; in other words, that it is one thing to be well dressed, and another to be fashionably dressed."

"Yes," I said; "but what is it to be well dressed?"

"I can tell you what it isn't," said Hester. "It isn't to wear a huge protuberance on your head or your back, which, if you had been born with it, would have been considered a shocking deformity. It isn't to conceal all the lines of the human figure, or to make it one mountain of trimming, when trimming should always be subservient, adding grace, and defining outlines. And then, too, it means something permanent. It can't be the changing thing fashionable dressing is. Art wouldn't make a balloon of us this month, and a scanily-draped statue the next; she wouldn't tilt us up on heels that agonize our toes, and pitch us down stairs to-day, and to-morrow see us on the ground like so many bare-footed Indians."

"That would be comfort," I said. "If, when a dress was made, it would stay made, and look well till it was worn out, it would lessen half our labors."

"Well, Hepsy, I believe the good time is coming—the time when we shall have a higher civilization, and break the chains fashion fetters us with now. Then we shall distinguish between true beauty and deformity; and our milliners and dressmakers will be *artists*, and not *modistes*; and, instead of lopping and stretching us all on one iron bed, they will study adaptation to age, complexion, and character, till we come out of their hands individual, as well as comfortable and attractive. When we think of it, isn't it strange how it ever came about that we let ourselves all be worried into exactly the same shaped garments, no matter how different we are in size and figure?"

"Very strange and absurd," I said; and Hester went away.

Exactly at one o'clock on Thursday the Great Expanded arrived. She was a good deal puffed out truly, and made an amusement of fun of herself. When Hester Graywood came in, wearing her untrimmed gray silk, she made a low obeisance.

"I do thee homage, thou most heroic of womankind!" she cried. "I cast myself in the dust at thy feet, I envy, I adore thee, thou woman who dares!"

Finally we got a little quieted; though naturally enough, our thoughts still ran on dress.

"I am disgusted with myself," said Lou; "I really am. I don't want to be fashionable; I couldn't afford it if I did; but my tastes are all plain and simple. I consider such an over-loaded, puffed-out concern as this not only ridiculous, but vulgar; yet here I am wearing it; and I lose my self-respect in consequence. But how could I help myself? How in the world did you manage, Hester, to get a sensible dress made?"

"Just by my horribly obstinate temper," said Hester, laughing. "First I had a pitched battle with Mrs. Cuttit, and came off victorious; then I ran the gantlet of her twenty sewing-girls, who opened all their forty eyes in holy terror at the trying on."

"I should as soon think of fighting Hercules," said Lou. "There's no place where I am so thoroughly cowed as in dressmakers' rooms, I don't dare to peep or mutter."

"Yes;—amiable people like you rather submit than make a fuss."

"But they ought to make a fuss," said Lou; "it's sheer cowardice in my case, not amiability. Every lady's dress should be an expression of her own individual taste and character—but look at us! we are all turned out just alike, like so many ninepins."

"Well, what is to be done about it?" I asked.

"Why not form an anti-fashion society," said Hester, "and get all sensible women to pledge themselves to dress according to their own ideas of propriety, without regard to fashion? 'Union is strength,' and organized effort the order of the day."

"Capital!" cried Lou—"we'll draft and sign a declaration of independence; and you, Hester, shall put down your name with a great dash, John Hancock-like."

"I'll make out the list of grievances," said I.

"Easy enough to do that," said Lou; wornout mothers, bankrupted fathers, neglected babies, disgusted husbands"——

"Hold there!" I cried. "Husbands are as fond of dress as wives, so far as my experience goes."

"Why do they keep up such an everlasting fault-finding with our extravagance, then?"

"Well, my dear, men are not always severely consistent—they are eloquent on that theme, I know; but put a plainly-dressed girl on one side of a man, and a fluttering piece of millinery on the other, and ten to one he will be enchanted with the latter John Seymour is not the only victim of "pink and white tyranny."

Then men are in a measure responsible for the evil," said Hester.

"So I tell Tom," I said. "Let every man who approves of simplicity and economy devote himself to the plainest-dressed girl in the room, turning a cold shoulder on those who wear diamonds and such like sinful things, and he will do more to effect a reformation than by years of preaching. Girls like to please nice young men, and no harm done either, just as young men like to please nice young girls. The influence is mutual and wholesome. Let young men frown on extravagantly-dressed young women, and young women scorn on dissipated, fast young men, and a vital change in manners and morals would soon follow."

At this point in our discussion I heard Tom's step in the hall; and with him came Prof. Downing, an old friend of his, whom he had asked to dine with us. The professor is a fine-looking man, besides being learned, agreeable, and a bachelor. Now, Tom and I never make matches; but, having had such a good time together ourselves, we do sometimes wish certain of our friends would take a fancy to each other; and the night before we had spoken of the professor and Hester, saying how nice it was he should happen to be in the city just then to meet her.

Moreover, knowing his refined, almost severe taste, and his dislike of all display, I had all the morning inwardly chuckled over Hester's untrimmed dress; it was exactly the thing to suit his fastidious taste. How lucky it was she wore it!

The dinner passed off delightfully. Tom was in his most hospitable mood; Lou and Hester brilliant; the professor genial; and, the soups, salmon, and roast lamb all being done to a turn, the hostess serene. The learned professor and the pretty Hester could not have come together under more auspicious influences; and Tom and I had great complacency in our little plan

A few days after, Tom told me he had been drawing the professor out a little on our guests.

"And what did he say at Hester?" I asked eagerly.

"He said this: 'Miss Graywood is certainly quite pretty; but what a pity it is she doesn't dress better! Your friend, Miss Livermore, sets her a good example there.

"The horrid man! and he pretending to have classic tastes!" I cried. And (will you believe it?) Tom and I are now both quite sure that the professor who detests fashion and frippery, who admires only "chaste designs" and "classic outlines," is actually in love with Lou. And the balloon did it! yes, the balloon did it!

Oh, the consistency of men!

Effects of the Boston Calamity on Business affairs.

The N. Y. *Evening Post* — good authority in financial and commercial affairs—says:

It is fortunate, at least so far as immediate effects are concerned, that the sad news of the Boston conflagration reached us on Sunday, so that a day's reflection could intervene before business began. Had the blow come more suddenly, a disastrous and widespread panic might have followed immediately. As it is, business men have had time to recover their presence of mind and to a considerate survey of the situation—in a word, time has been given for the exercise of their reason. The losses by the fire cannot fail to be large, but we believe that they have been greatly exaggerated by the sensational part of the press. An attempt has also been made to draw a parallel between this fire and the Chicago fire, but the circumstances, at least so far as they bear on business, are very different. Chicago owed nearly everything to the East, the debts being, in part, ordinary mercantile obligations and in part in the share of real estate mortgages. In fact Chicago was originally built up on eastern capital, and its business was in a large measure conducted on Eastern credits. It has been rebuilt, to a large extent, by eastern and English, or Canadian capital. Boston, on the other hand, while old and rich, is a creditor city both in current business and in investment operations. The losses, if we exclude those by the shareholders of insurance companies in the Middle States and the foreign insurance companies, will fall most heavily on Boston itself and on New England, in the latter on the manufacturing districts and on cities identified with insurance interests. If such a calamity had to overtake any city in the country, none was better able to bear it than Boston, and particularly the section destroyed, which included, in a business point of view, the wealthiest and most solid part of the city. A good share of the real estate in the burnt district is owned by wealthy estates as an investment; and perhaps no like amount of property in the United States was so free of incumbrance. The principal disturbance, in a legitimate way, which our market for securities here will feel, will be caused by sales of the securities of insurance companies; and these sales, as has been demonstrated in the past, will extend over a considerable space of time. A good part of these securities are government bonds, and it has been intimated that the Treasury will, in case of need, buy an extra amount of bonds; a word, will give relief to the money market if necessary. If we are to have trouble, which, however, can be averted by wise and firm action, it is the opinion of cool heads that the trouble will come rather from the foreign markets than from the Boston fire. There are good reasons, however, to believe that every means will be used by the Treasury to restore confidence and steadiness to the markets, and that the worst is past.

Loss of Life at the Boston Fire.

Hundreds of persons were injured, but only a few fatally, in the progress of the great conflagration, a letter-writer describes a terrible scene which took place at the furnishing store of Hickman, on Washington street, where the walls had been wrapt in a deadly embrace by the flames, and had become weak and tottering through the intense heat. At length they fell, and three men were buried up to the shoulders among the heavy fragments of brick and stone. The terrible physical agony of their cries of anguish which they suffered filled the frightened crowd with horror, but at first no one advanced to their succor. After a few moments two or three men crossed the street to where a portion of the wall was still overhanging the spot where the poor victims were begging and shrieking for help, and tried by the utmost exertion of main strength to pull and wrench them out of the horrible vice, but these efforts only made greater their suffering, and the bricks and other debris were still falling at every moment. The men relinquished the perilous and fruitless risk and retreated from the dangerous spot, and shortly afterwards, in frightful paroxysms of pain and with cries that will ring in the ears of many of the spectators to their dying day, the crushed masses of humanity gave up the breath of life and were a moment afterwards buried by another crashing fall of the wall. A fireman named Martin Spencer, belonging to the Medford force, was injured by the toppling over of another wall on Summer street, with a serious cut in the head. Mr. Daniel McClellan, of the firm of Charles Crosby & Co., No 46 Water street, and an employe went into the building when it was blown up. Strange to relate, Mr. McClellan escaped with only a blackened countenance and the natural shock to his nervous system consequent upon such an experience. The employe also got away, but the extent of his injuries are unknown.

Wanted to Arrive.

A seedy-looking individual walked into the Crawford House in Cleveland, a few evenings ago, and stepping up to the register, seized the pen and registered his name at the foot of the long list of the day's arrivals. It was a noble name—George Washington Botts—written in a firm, bold hand, and with a big flourish underneath. It was plain that the seedy man was accustomed to making a flourish in the world, if it were only with a pen.

"Have a room?" inquired the clerk, incidentally measuring the man with his eagle eye to see if he wouldn't fit in one of his sky *Boudoirs*.

"No," said seedy shortly, picking his teeth with a splinter toothpick he had selected from the well assorted supply always found on the counter.

"Supper then, I supposed" added the clerk, preparing to add an S to the end of George Washington Botts' name.

"No, Sir, no supper," said Mr. Botts, with severity; "I simply want to *arrive*. A-r ar, r-i-v-e rive, arrive. I want neither room, supper nor anything else, but I particularly desire to arrive. It is a long time since I have arrived at a hotel—a very long time" (his voice choked a little), "and I thought, if you hadn't any objection, I—I would like to arrive once more before I died."

Here he was compelled to hide his emotions in his coat tail, in the absence of a pocket handkerchief. The clerk, always ready to do a good action, generously allowed the unfortunate individual to arrive, and George Washington Botts, hastily drying his eyes with a pen wiper, wrung the captain's hand in mute though heartfelt gratitude, and then stalked gloomily forth into darkness and the night.

It is interesting to find that the so-called silver mines of Athens, from the profits of which Pericles is said to have built the Parthenon, are now attracting special attention. The mines of Laurium are some veins of argentiferous galena running between the mica schist and limestone formations of the promontory of Laurium, stretching from Senium to Athens. From the remains of the ancient workings, there are now being obtained about 9,000 tuns of bar lead, lowered in value by being very antimonial, which contains above ten ounces of silver to the tun.

Ending of a Remarkable Lawsuit.

A very remarkable lawsuit, which has been for some time pending in the courts of Kentucky and Indiana, was brought to a termination a day or two ago by the agreement of the parties to the suit to a compromise.

Some years ago a German gentleman named Gustavus Schurman resided in Louisville. He was the possessor of a considerable amount of property, lived in good style, drove fine horses, sported a footman in livery, and claimed to be a German nobleman. He was married to a German young lady, had a young and interesting family, and to all appearances was prosperous and happy. But as in so many families, there was a ghost in this one, the secret of whose existence did not come to light until the death of the principal actor in this little social drama.

Gustavus was a resident of Aix-la-Chapelle, a little city in Rhenish Prussia, pursued the business of cloth manufacturer, and was what might be considered well off, his real and personal estate being worth about $100,000. He loved, or thought he loved, a lady named Amelia Eberhardine Goll, daughter of one of the royal counselors, and in 1845 he proposed marriage, was accepted, and the marriage ceremony was performed in that year. An ante-nuptial contract was entered into between the two, according to the code Napoleon, which was in force at Aix-la-Chapelle, by which in case of the death of the husband before the wife, she became entitled to one-eighth in fee simple of his entire estate, and one-fourth of the estate during her life time, besides having a community of interest in all acquisitions to the common fund after marriage, which community of interest would entitle her to one half.

The two lived happily together for some time, or apparently so. The life of the wife, however, was soon rendered wretched by the discovery that another had supplanted her in her husband's affections. This however, was not exactly the case; it was she in reality, who had taken the place which nature had assigned to another. Schurman had in his employ a number of factory girls, one of whom, Catherine Bengels, was possessed of more than ordinary beauty. The impressible young bachelor, was smitten with her beauty, but the inexorable laws of society governing the little Rhenish province in which he lived held over him a terror of proscription which prevented him from doing that which his heart prompted. He loved Catherine Bengels and his love was returned, but he married Amelia E. Goll, who brought to him a proud name and an extensive dower. But for the crime which Schurman had committed against his nature he was amply punished.

His married life was unhappy, while his love for the lowly Cathari Beneasnw became more intense, now that it gels impossible for them to be legally united. They met clandestinely, and the intercourse coming to the knowledge of the unhappy wife, she became depressed beyond masure, upbraided her husband with his perfidy, and threatened divorce. This rendered the husband desperate, and, openly avowing his attachment, took Catherine Bengels into his domicile. Becoming discontented with this condition of things, Schurman decided upon emigrating to America, and came to this country. He returned in 1849, and gathering together what property he could, departed in 1850 for the United States, in company with Catharine Bengels. Before his departure, his wife instituted suit for divorce.

On the arrival of Schurman in America he proceeded to Louisville, where he took up his residence, and sued for a divorce from his wife Amelia, which was granted when he immediately married the woman who had eloped with him.

Gustavus Schurman purchased real estate in Indianapolis and Louisville, and by his tact and business management increased his wealth to over a million of dollars. At the time of his death he had seven children, two by his first wife and five by his second wife. In making his will he left his Prussian property to his two German heirs and his American property to his American heirs

The first wife Amelia, learning of the death of her husband, obtained possession by legal process of the Prussian estate, and sued for her share, as per marriage contract, of the descendants' estate in America. Her son, Gustavus F. Schurman, represented her with power of attorney, and the ablest lawyers in the city were employed to prosecute the case. The pleadings were voluminous and as a vast amount of property was involved, great interest was manifested in the result. It apeared, however, that as the case progressed the plaintiff weakened somewhat in enforcing her claims. Being in a foreign country, and copies of proceedings in foreign courts being frequently rendered necessary as testimony in the American courts, she became wearied and finally agreed to a compromise, in lieu of all claims, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

The Old Soldier.

The players are seated in a circle; one walks round holding a pen, pencil or anything he pleases to use, representing an old soldier.

He holds it up and says, "What will you give this poor old soldier?"

The person asked must not use the words, white, black, yes or no, in her answer. If she does she must pay a forfeit. We will give an example:

Frank holds up his "old soldier" and asks Susie, "What will you give this old soldier?"

Susie replies, "A watch."

"Please don't give that; my soldier needs a coat."

"I could not give him that." (She avoids "no.")

"What will you give him then; a hat?"

"I think I will."

As only three questions can be asked each player, Frank passes on to Louisa, having failed to make Susan pay a forfeit.

"Louisa, what will you give my soldier?"

"A pair of mittens."

"What color shall they be?"

"Gray."

"Gray mittens! O, do give him black ones."

"No, I cannot."

"A forfeit, Louisa, please, you said 'no.'"

Thus the game goes round the circle.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Olive Logan, in her new lecture on "Successful People," was, when she spoke in Philadelphia, somewhat "personal" in reference to a rising newspaper man of that city. "You have," said she, "in Philadelphia a man who is the living embodiment of some of the principles of my lecture. At eighteen he had a fixed purpose in life, occupying an obscure position in a newspaper office, without influence of any account. He said, 'I will one day own this establishment.' It was regarded as an idle boast; but he had energy and persistence, and to-day he does own and control it, If I would hold up one of many successful men as an example to the youth of this city, I would mention one whom you all know and honor—George W. Childs, of the *Ledger*. Success may not bring happiness, but the day will come when judgement will sit upon our actions, and he who has achieved it worthily shall receive the grandest crown from the King of Kings."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

In his report as Secretary of the Wisconsin State Society, Dr. J. W. Hoyt gives expression to some very sensible views on the importance of regarding special conditions in agriculture. That a man living a thousand miles from any sufficient market, and with no means of transportation but wagons drawn by ox teams, should devote his energies to the raising of potatoes or turnips; that a farmer having elevated lands and dry pastures, only fit for sheep breeding, should devote himself wholly to the breeding and rearing of short horn cattle; or that a man located within 20 miles of New York or Philadelphia, and upon lands admirably adopted to the production of vegetables and small fruit, should sow every square yard of it to wheat and rye; this should strike any thinking and intelligent person as the height of absurdity. And yet blunders equally senseless are made by not a few farmers, and are persevered in from year to year. Again, one would suppose that when an intelligent farmer saw all his neighbors and everybody else's neighbors turning exclusive attention to pork raising, that it would be a good time for him to raise corn, meanwhile omitting nothing essential to steady and uniform success. But observation proves that such men are rare, and the result is that very soon everybody has more hogs than his own crops will supply, and corn has gone up quite beyond reach for profitable feeding. Dr. Hoyt says he once knew a farmer in Ohio who started out under the guidance of the rule always to do just what his neighbors pretty generally did not do. He was not far from being a philosopher. The neighbors are still plodding and grumbling. The philosopher has added farm to farm, owns his thousands of bank stock, and finds no difficulty in keeping his temper. Another farmer has flourished nearly as well in the practice of doing what his neighbors did, but doing it first. He was the leader of fashion in agriculture, and was always ready to discard the model he had given about the time the majority adopted it. During the late low prices of wool, when so many sheep-men became disgusted, and either slaughtered their flocks or sold them out of the State at a sacrifice, one large wool-grower persevered, and when the dejected wool-growing interest began to look up a little he was ready to take advantage of the rise, while others were buying back new flocks at a second sacrifice.

The Valley of Chamounix.

Our ride of thirty miles was nearly ended, writes a correspondent, and we were entering the Valley of Chamounix. We were greeted here by the tinkling of bells around the necks of the cattle. We had heard that music for some time, but now there was a pastoral melody upon all sides.

It is said that the finest herds are provided with a harmonious set of bells, which produce a tune as the cattle walk home at milking-time, resembling the air of the national Swiss anthem, and that this tune so powerfully excites the feelings of the Swiss heart in a strange land that it is forbidden, upon pain of death, to be played in the Swiss regiments serving France, so many desertions have followed the awakening of home longings in the hearts of those who have heard it.

We entered Chamounix tired but very happy. The fatigues of male-riding would have been noticed sooner but that our thoughts were diverted by the continuous panorama we were passing. The proprietor of the Hotel d'Angleterre met us most pleasantly, and we were taken at once to our rooms, and soon after met again at the table d'hote.

The gay appearance of the dining-hall would make you sooner think you were in some fashionable circle in London or Paris than at the foot of Mont Blanc, in a valley where man had not yet brought the iron horse or electric spark.

The sight of laces and diamonds, drawing-room airs and all the paraphernalia of the city took of the keeness of Alpine ramblings. After dinner we walked upon the terrace to look over the glaciers and snow-fields of Mont Blanc.

One could hardly help recalling his idea of the appearance of Mt. Sinai, as it was filled with the glory of God, for the setting sun had glorified everything. The labor of the journey was forgotten in the excitement of our emotions, and we could but wonder with David in the midst of all about us, what was man that God should be so mindful of him.

It seemed as if the sun were loth to part with the world, and had allowed his colors to rest most lovingly upon the snows that capped the summits, which, changing from gold to rose color, made one vast illumination of beauty; and when night cast a vail over the whole, we lingered none the less entranced, remembering what had been there, and with something, perhaps, of the feeling we have when we must hide from our eyes what has given us a sweet joy upon earth. After planning to ascend the Montanvert to cross the Mer de Glace, the following day, we bade each other good night.

A NEW INVENTION.—Necessity is the mother of invention, and the horse necessity caused a fearful strain on the inventive powers of the ingenious population of the United States. It is now announced that a new engine for propelling street-cars has been invented, so compact as to occupy no more space than an ordinary base-burning parlor stove, and which does not intrude upon passenger room. By the peculiar arrangement of the various parts economy of fuel is accomplished, the smoke itself is consumed, and there is no soot, cinders or noise. The engine has the power of five horses, and the cars, which are of the usual dimensions, can be controlled, as to stoppage and propulsion, quite as handily as though drawn by horses. The power can be increased at pleasure up to capacity of a twenty-five horse power engine, thus enabling it to ascend grades of four hundred feet to the mile. The engineer can "slow up" in the space of thirty-two feet when the cars are going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The engine is placed upon the rear platform, so that the windows can be left open in pleasant weather, without the annoyance of smoke or cinders, as there is none of either, while any dust that might be raised is left behind, thus conferring a vast amount of pleasure and comfort upon the passenger. The tests made thus far have been most satisfactory.

EATING THE BANANA.—A correspondent says: There is a way we have of eating bananas in the East which is worth knowing, thus—take a soup plate, strip half a dozen bananas, and with a silver fork mash them up, adding sufficient sherry and sugar to make the whole of about the consistency of a thick soup. When so treated there is a flavor which may almost vie with that of the most delicious fruit in the world—the Mangosteen. There is a great difference in bananas abroad; the best I remember eating were at Singapore. They were also particularly good at the Cape de Verd Isles; in china and Japan not so good, the slightest pink always preferred

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The Duke of Bedford has given Mr. Boehm an order for a statue of John Bunyan, to be presented to the town in whose jail the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written during its author's thirteen years imprisonment.

A Mammoth Ship.

That the Devastation the new English ship of war, is a success, so far as she has been tried, is now admitted. The ponderous monster which squats upon the astonished waters with a dead weight of 10,000 tons, takes any ordinary waves with stolid indifference, whether she receives them end-on, or upon bow, beam or quarter. The prodigious hill of foam which her stem piles up when under way, washes, as was expected, clean over her forward deck, and she is often submerged aft; but her massive midsection rides quietly enough, and those on board her when anchored in the rolling tide way at spithead, say that she was "steadier than the houses ashore." She turns with great readiness and in a small circle, and her speed, as proved in six trials along the measured mile, is not only equal to the promise of her designers, but it exceeds expectation. The mighty engines driving this island of iron with an indicated power of 6,500 horses, with seventy-seven revolutions per minute, got fifteen knots and a half out of the ship, and her mean rate at full steam is thirteen knots and three-quarters. Here, therefore is a craft which is vulnerable only to a very few guns, has the swiftness of a mail packet, and the handiness—thanks to her twin screws—of a tug, while she could utilize these qualities to hurl upon the sides of an opponent the awful force of all her ten thousand tons moving with the velocity of a spear. On board this remarkable man-of-war there are no less than thirty-four distinct and separate engines, and, indeed, the value which she represents is as serious as her fighting capacity What remains to be learned is the behavior of the ugly giant in a real Biscay gale, and whether or no the *cul de-sac* which she carries aft will or will not, prove a mistake in a heavy following sea. With stability assured to 55°, with no top gear to set her over, and with decks which can be hermetically sealed, she would be safe enough; but whenever she does roll, or pitch, or scud, the rivets and fittings in her huge body will be shrewdly tried. Except the Russian monitor Peter the Great, nothing floating could resist or even challenge such a vessel at once so strong and swift. The torpedo, no doubt, may yet be so developed as to make the Devastation, and all her terrible sisters impotent against a defended coast. On the high seas at present she has no superior.

The Marriage Ceremony.

I have seen very many cases of the supposed *can't-afford-to-marry* disease, and examined many, and always found the symptoms to prove another complaint altogether. The diagnosis had been utterly false. It was a *don't-want-to-marry* trouble that was afflicting the patient. This was the story: Formosa had dwelt in marble halls, and clothed herself in acres of purple and fine linen. Marriage with her means twenty thousand a year. So I look at my two thousand, and *can't-afford-to-marry*. Or the story was this: Pulchra *wishes* to dwell in marble halls, and clothe herself in acres of purple and fine linen. Marriage with *her*, therefore, means twenty thousand a year. So I look at my two thousand, and *can't afford to marry*. Formula-wise and truth-wise it is this: "Foolish girls wish to live idle, pampered and fashionable lives, and foolish young men are seeking after foolish girls." In such a complication, marriage loses its meaning, and it is very natural for a young man to say, "I can't afford to marry." The truth is, he cannot afford to marry after the style aforesaid, and he does not wish to marry in a sensible style, to which his two thousand would say Amen.—But there are other than foolish girls in the world. There are girls, modest men, industrious habits, and unselfish hearts. You are not apt to find them in the highways or in conspicuous places. They make the best wives in the world, while the Saratoga thing makes the worst. Look for them at home, not in *society*—that fizzing, bubbling caldron, where pride, vanity and vapidity, seasoned with vice, sputter into assimilation. Find them helping in nursery, pantry, or kitchen; not sauntering with brazen stare on a frequented promenade, or dawdling among French novels in the boudoir.—*Howard Crosby.*

The Great National Observatory.

Of the great national observatory, a Nevada paper says: "We understand that Professor Davidson has determined upon Pollard's Peak, Summit Station, as the proper place for the national observatory. his peak is located less than a mile from Summit Station, which is seven thousand and forty-eight feet above the sea-level, and the highest point of the Central Pacific Railroad. Castle Peak, seven miles from the summit, was examined by Professor Davidson with the view of making it the place for the observatory, but the atmosphere from the peak was found to be too hazy, and the mountain itself too difficult of access to make it a desirable place for astronomical, barometrical, and atmospherical observations. Castle Peak has the advantage in altitude, as it is nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four feet above sea-level, or one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four feet higher than Pollard's Peak. The latter, however, is easily accessible, being less than half a mile from the railroad, and the atmosphere from its summit is remarkably clear, and for this latter reason it has been selected by Professor Davidson. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars has been made by Congress for the erection of the necessary buildings, purchase of telescopes, and other necessary instruments. The telescope to be used will be second in size to none in the United States. Once established, the observatory will be a permanent fixture, and will receive an annual appropriation from Congress of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars."

BE ECONOMICAL.—"Take care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and beard, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

It is said that the Mikado of Japan is going to England to look for a wife. The young emperor is tall for an Asiatic, about five feet ten inches high, of dignified bearing, slightly built, of darker complexion than the majority of higher-class Japanese, with a thin, composed face, somewhat Mongolian in cast, full lips, and dark eyes.

What Keeps Men Poor.

"Fate is against me. I never could succeed in anything. I am doomed to poverty. Here I am near the meridian of life, a large family upon my hands, sons and daughters just at that age when they become particularly expensive, and need much money spent upon them to fit them for the positions I wish them to occupy; but I have not got it to spend unless I involve myself deeper in difficulties which have always encompassed me. What is the reason I am poor?"

Such are the complaints of hundreds of men in our midst who are struggling as they struggled all their lives to maintain a style of living they fancy necessary for the happiness of themselves and families. The main points is to make others believe they are possessed of greater wealth than they really are—as to be thought poor would destroy all the comforts of real wealth, did they possess them. Hence they labor and plan to deceive their neighbors even as they are deceiving themselves. This is an infatuation which leads such men down a life of poverty as well of intense misery.

With out limited or small incomes they will spend money lavishly before the public in the dress and ornaments of their families and in their houses, followed by an equal parsimoniousness towards themselves and their business conveniences in private. Spending more than they receive, they are constantly in debt, and to maintain their credit among their friends and debtors, occupies much of their time, and monopolizes the best energies of their minds, and their capacity for making money is correspondingly weakened, and what is clearly the road to fortune is overlooked in the search for a path out of the entanglements of their vlountary position.

The habit of spending money twice over, viz.: once in anticipation of its receipt and again when it is received, is the cause of most of the poverty in the world among the intelligent classes—as no one can practice it without becoming involved pecuniarily, and if persisted in it will entail life-long poverty.

But let such a man stop where he is, forget the Mrs. Grundys and their gossip, strike out for himself a new path, never use a dime unless it is in his pocket, and only nine cents of it then; saving the other and putting it on interest. Let him learn that his children can enjoy themselves fully as well and fit themselves for life much better without the many fashionable pleasures, so common, so expensive, and so useless; let him, in fact, live independently and free from debt, and my word for it, his complaints of Fate will cease. Accumulation, though slow at first, will soon assert itself; and the feeling of embarr

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

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TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with etheash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

The President of the constitutional convention, Mr. Meredith, we are pleased to see, has constituted the committees with a degree of fairness that may not suit some crazy partisans in the radical ranks. He has not ignored the democrats in the convention, and seems to be conscious that there are over 300,000 democratic voters in this state, who are entittled to some consideration. A. G. Curtin has been appointed as chairman of the committe on the Executive Department. Public and Municipal Debt, C. R. Buckalew. Private Corporations, Geo. W. Woodward. Declaration of Rights, Wm. Hopkins. Constitutional sanctions, J. S. Black, —all democrats.

Mr. M'Allister is chairman of the committee on Suffrage, Election and Representation, also a good selection as we would sooner entrust the affairs of that important committe into the hands of Mr. M'Allister, than any other republican we know of in that body —he will discharge his duties free from partisan bias.

Sergeant Bates, an American, is just now making a fool of himself by a tramp, on foot, through England, bearing the American flag, having entered into a bet with some one that he could perform such a feat without being molested. We have no doubt he can, unless in his walk he comes across a son of John Bull, who is as big a fool as himself and who may wish to kick his backside. But whether Bates escape a kicking or not, will not settle the question that England is not a tolerably free country, and if he should be greetted with rotten "hegs" and at some points be denied a bite of "am," or have an application of sole leather administered to his seat, it would only be accounted for on the score that John Bull became enraged more at the fool than at the flag he carried.

Gen. Grant has lately done two things for which many radicals, who lately supported him, will curse him, and are already doing it, while the democrats give him credit. These are the appointment of Fairman, as post master of Philadelphia, instead of Truman, who belongs to the ring and whom Cameron insisted on having appointed, but got snubbed; the other is the promotion of that gallant soldier, Gen. Handcock, to the position made vacant by the death of Gen. Meade.

President Grant had been treating Gen. Hancock very, very meanly all along, and banished him to the remotest and most isolated frontiers out of sheer spite, and contrary to the rules and usages which apply to a soldier of Gen. Hancock's rank. Gen. Hancock submitted to all this shabby treatment without a murmer. It is one of the little and discreditable things in the life of Gen. Grant which he now would gladly wipe out, and while the entire democratic press, and other right thinking men sensured President Grant for his mean treatment of Gen. Hancock, they give him credit for doing him what is simple justice now, and what was meanly denied him during the last four years. We give credit where credit is due, and should President Grant lift him self above the past littleness of his nature, and keep snubbing the Camerons, and that class of thieving radicals, we shall praise him for it. Let's see how long he holds out in this course.

Death of Horace Greeley.

We are pained to chronicle the death of Horace Greeley, which occurred on last Friday evening. His death is a loss to the nation, and at the present stage of American politics, his death is to be regretted by every American citizen. The nation has sustained a loss—he occupied a position, as editor-in-chief of one of the most influential journals in the country, which gave him an influence and an opportunity for good, that few others, if any, can be found to fill, at present. Mr. Greeley may have had —did have—his faults; of these it does not now behoove us to speak; but he had his good qualities and enough of them, to entitle him to the respect of all. He was honest, he was sincere, and he was fearless in the advocacy of what he thought was right. Nothing else can be said of Horace Greeley, scan his life as you may covering the last thirty years, and this is what can be said of too few of our great men, who are time-servers and in whom selfishness and the desire to gain place and wealth is the controlling motive, and without any regard as to the means by which they obtain these. In the present hour, when the government in its every branch is reeking with corruption, and when the constitution and law are violated with the greatest possible nonconcern, we believe that the nation sustains a loss in the death of Mr. Greeley, for he was enlisted in opposition to these abuses, and was dealing corruption and mal-admistration the hardest blows they received, and his paper became a terror to the evil-doers of the radical party, of which he had been the formost champion, but which he did not hesitate to lash with a whip of scorpions when it so notoriously forsook the path of duty. This Mr. Greeley has been engaged in for several years, and all honest men regret that his life was not spared, that he might continue in the good work of seeking to purify the government and bring it back to the good old standard of hon-esty which once was its characteristic. All accord to Mr. Greeley honesty of purpose, although many, and the democrats particularly, may have differed with him and thought him erratic upon a certain great issue. He believed he was right—we democrats believed he was wrong. That issue has passed—it was decided in favor of Mr. Greeley—let it be dead with him. But in the present, and as far as regards the future of the government, he was right, he was democratic, and he had the honesty, the manliness and courage to say that the radical party, the party of his own making, was wrong, and he was among the boldest and most powerful opponents of that wrong, and his stand did much to check abuses, and had he lived to continue in the battle for the right, its triumph would have been hastened.

Mr. Greeley was a generous hearted man; he was possessed of the noblest social qualities; he was strictly temperate in all his habits. Of his ability as a thinker and a writer, we need say nothing, his powers in those respects are known. As a speaker he never was rated high, until the last campaign—for want of opportunity or because he never strove to show his powers in that line—but the speeches he made during the last presidential campaign proved that in this respect he was a truly remarkable man also. His speeches were all so clearly to the point; so full of meaning and good sound sense that none of his most bitter opponents could pick a flaw in them, a tribute which cannot be paid to the addresses of any other presidential candidate who undertook to address the public at the time of his candidacy.

But, as the life of Horace Greeley is so familiar to all, we will not go to further length in this article. Horace Greeley is dead—the nation sustains a deep loss—Peace to his ashes.

Harry White the Blatherskite.

The Pennsylvania Senate for quite a number of years has been pestered with a member, called General Harry White, of Indiana county, the same chap, who, during the war, was south, not to fight but to look, and was captured by the rebs and held at Richmond. He is the greatest success as a paper general we know of—he never fought any, and we are doubly sure he never died a bit for his country, or for any body—yet he is *General* Harry White, and stands prominent among all the dunghill roosters about the capitol at Harrisburg. He is a great talker, likes to hear himself talk and imagins every-body else has the same liking, in which he is greatly mistaken—for he is a disagreeable talker, and as an imitation of the braying of an ass, his speeches are a perfect success. He can draw just as long, broad and disagreeable as that animal, only the ass has the advantage of him by knowing when to keep quiet. In the senate, he pokes his gab into every thing, and this propensity for gab has made him disagreeable to all his fellow members, for his delivery is disagreeable, and his talk has nothing in it—he is a perfect walking definition of the word "Blatherskite." Yet general Harry White stands at the head of the capital roosters, and he may yet be governor—stranger things have happened.

This Harry Blatherskite White, is a member of the constitutional convention, to the disgust of every decent member of that body. True to his nature, he brays into every thing that comes up, and will, as he does in the senate, monopolize more pages upon the record than any other three "talky" members in it.

It is a pity there is not a provision somewhere to make the sapheaded blatherskite subside, so that the convention could get along without the annoyance. He is the noisiest empty tin-can that ever turned up, and tied to a dog's tail, the dog's death would be certain from fright. We hope general Harry White, will let the convention go on without inflicting his disagreeable talk continually upon that body upon every subject, to the annoyance and disgust of the rest of the members—none of whom is fond of hearing him.

The Proposed Official Oath.

A few weeks previous to the meeting of the constitutional convention, we favored, in these columns, a clause in the constitution by which all members of the legislature should be required on taking the oath, to swear, that they will accept no bribe directly or indirectly, for any vote or action taken by them as such. We see that one of the members of that body has introduced a resolution to that effect of which a Harrisburg paper says:

The new oath for civil officers, proposed to be incorporated in the amended Constitution, if adopted, would revolutionize the usages and practices of political parties, and is the first recognition in the reform convention, that there are fraud and corruption in politics. The oath compels the man who qualifies on going into a civil office, to swear or affirm that he paid no one to secure him such an office; that he gave no bribes of any kind to secure his nomination, and that he is under no promise to any man or men, to shape his official course to meet their individual interests—in short the oath is to prevent candidates for office to resort to any foul means to secure such places. We repeat, if the oath is enforced, the occupation of the professional politician is gone, or perjury become as common as pea-nuts.

—Horace Greeley was 62 years of age. His funeral took place on Wednesday 4th.

The President's Message.

Congress met on Monday. President Grant's Message is long and dry. Contains nothing new, and it is mostly a summary of the reports of the heads of the different departments. The Pittsburg *Post's* article upon it, embraces a fair idea of the document:

The document starts out in the usual way of thankfulness to the Giver of all Good, refers to the Boston and Chicago fires, notes how the people are rallying under their misfortunes and how free we have been from war pestilence and other calamities. The happy termination of our troubles with Great Britain is referred to in which a high compliment is paid to Charles Francis Adams. The question between this country and Great Britain in regard to the fisheries has been disposed of and legislation to carry out the provisions of the treaty are asked for. The boundary line with the British possessions receives a passing notice, and an invitation is asked for the International Congress to hold its next session in the United States. The Vienna exposition receives considerable attention, as it deserves, and money and two naval vessels to transport articles, so as the United States will be properly represented is desired. Our affairs with Mexico, Spain, and other foreign powers are alluded to with all of which we are upon the most friendly relations. Provision is urged for distressed seamen in foreign countries, and then come extracts from the reports of the secretaries of the various departments, one of them the most important, the Treasury, and in which Mr. Grant now makes, or Mr. Boutwell has made some very huge blunders in regard to the reduction of the debt.

As there may be some mistake in transmitting the figures over the wires, we deter further comment for the present. The message then refers to river and harbor improvements, and favorable attention is requested to suggestions of the Secretary of War in regard to the appointment of cadets and other matters. Some other questions and suggestions; how they should be met are spoken of, and the abolition of the franking privilege is recommended. Then comes the question of the Government taking posession of the telegraph lines. Grant is in favor of this—in fact it is one of his pet schemes. It gives him considerable more power and some thirty, perhaps fifty thousand additional officers to appoint, all calculated to assist in centralization. Whatever action is taken he says he wants to be fair to the Government and to private parties concerned. He says there is an alarming falling off in our carrying trade, and thinks that an expenditure of $5,000,000 per annum for the next five years would help our merchant marine. Should'nt wonder.

The President informs us that the disbursements through the Departments of Justice have somewhat increased and blames it on the reckless and lawless men of the South. He much regrets the necessity for the Enforcement Act, and hopes the cause for applying it may not be again demanded. Most likely it never will be, provided the people act and vote as Grant tells them.

The Indians receive some attention, Patents and Pensions are mentioned, and Compulsory Education is commented upon and commended to the favorable attention of Congress, which is asked to pass the bill appropriating the net proceeds of lands for educational purposes in the various States. An appropriation to improve the public grounds and buildings in washington is solicited, and the hundredth anniversary of American Independence favorably alluded to.

The message closes with reference to Civil Service Reform in which the President confesses that Federal offices have been regarded too much as the reward of political services, and promises to apply the rules as he understands them, but we hardly infer from this that he will appoint any Democrats.

It is needless to say that the document falls far behind what the country had a right to expect. It has no comfort for the South, neither for the colored population who so recently appealed to the President to say something in favor of civil rights. It my delight some but it will not the masses.

A New Question.

Mr. Greeley's death has raised a new question—one which now arises for the first time:—For whom shall the democratic and liberal electors cast their vote? Some propose Hendricks of Indiana—we would agree to that, no better and more deserving the compliment can be found. Again, suppose Grant should die after the electors cast their vote for him (which was done on last Tuesday) and before he is inaugurated, who would be the next President? The electors could not be called together again, as their duty would have been performed and their office at an end. Some have their doubts, whether in such a contingency the Vice President elect would become the President.

The Salted Jewel Fields.

The Whole Thing Denounced as a Shameless Fraud.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—The Chronicle of to-day exclusively prints a full expose of the diamond swindle, which has just been discovered to be one of the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated on the public. The fields belong to the New York and San Francisco Diamond Company.

They were discovered by J. F. Barry of Salt Lake. The claim, which is about fifty miles from Fort Bridges, in Summit county, Colorado, turns out to have been salted with stones purchased in London six or eight months ago.

Arnold and Slack, the men who located the claim, are said to have made one million out of the swindle. Nearly all the capitalists in San Francisco are out from $20,000 to $100,000 each by the transaction.

The directors held a meeting to-day and acknowledged that they had been duped, but claim that Californians are not to blame.

There is great excitement in this city over the disclosure.

A TRIAL OF 50 YEARS.

The New York *Observer* has passed through the ordeal, and starts out anew on the second fifty years with a larger list of readers and more numerous friends than ever. Such a steady course of prosperity is unexampled, and inspires confidence. We heartily rejoice in the great success of a paper which has always advocated those sound principles that underlie the foundations of society and good government. Orthodox in the truest sense, both in Church and State, its influence is always good. We see its publishers propose to give to every subscriber for 1873 an appropriately embellished *Jubilee Year-Book*.—Those who subscribe will have no cause to regret the step. $3 a year. Sidney E. Moorse & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

The Missouri Democrat thus unkindly exposes Col. Mosby's incentive to loyalty:

"Gen. Mosby, of Virginia, owns a stone quarry, and is reported to be fishing for a contract to furnish headstones for the National cemeteries. Having materially assisted in furnishing the corpses, Mosby now wants to see the graves handsomely decorated."

DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY

HIS ILLNESS AND LAST HOURS

NEW YORK, November 29,—The Tribune furnishes the following account of the illness and last hours of Mr. Greeley: So far as any of his associates knew Mr. Greeley was in almost good health as usual, when one day after the election he wrote a card announcing his resumption of the editorial charge of the Tribune. His sleeplessness was known to become greatly worse, but for years he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty, and as is now clear sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, especially during the last month of his wife's illness, but it soon become evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he had set himself. He wrote only three or four careful articles, one of them half a column in length. The most notable perhaps was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up his views of the canvass. All he wrote was less than three and a half columns.

At last, on Tuesday, the 12th inst., he abandoned the effort to visit the office regularly, and sent for his family Physician.

Effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse, until it became evident that his case was critical, Dr. George P. Choate and others were called in for consultation, and finally it was decided to take him to Dr. Choate's residence, two or three miles distant from Mr. Greeley's own country house, at Chappaqua. Here he received unremitting attention from Dr. Choate, Dr. Brown, and Dr. Sequard. Dr. Brown and others were called in for consultation. The insomnia had developed into inflamation of the brain, and under this the venerated patient rapidly sank. At times he was delerious; at other times as clear-headed as ever. He lost flesh and strength with startling rapidity, and in a few days his speedy death forced itself into unwilling recognition. It was not, however, until Thursday that his associates and family brought themselves to admit it; even then they still clung to his faith in the vigor of his constitution.

On Wednesday night he failed very rapidly. Thursday morning and evening he was deemed somewhat easier, during the night he slept very uneasy, muttering occasionally and frequently raising his right hand. Towards morning he was more quiet, and between eight and nine o'clock fell into a nearly unconscious condition, which continued with some intervals through the day. He made an occasional exclamation, but many of them in consequence of his extreme weakness and apparent inability to finish what he begun were unintelligible. About noon, however, he said quite distinctly, and with some force, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." During the day he recognized various people, his daughter many times, the members of his household at Chappaqua, Mr. Jno. R. Stuart, and Mr. Reid. On the whole he suffered little, and seemed to have no more than ordinary restlessness which accompanies the last stage of disease. About half-past three he said distinctly, "It Is Done." And beyond briefest answers to questions this was his last utterance. His youngest daughter, Miss Gabrielle, was with him through Thursday evening. Throughout Friday the elder daughter, Miss Ida, was in constant attendance as she had been during the whole of his illness and of Mrs. Greeley's before him.

At ten minutes before seven o'clock the watchers drew back in reverent stillness from the bedside. The great editor was gone in peace after so many struggles in honor after so much obloquy.

The German Minister in Washington has received information to the effect that owing to the disturbed and threatening condition of France and to prevent the hegira of arms-bearing men from Germany, strict orders have been given to the owners of all vessels leaving German ports to immediately raise their rates of charges to emigrants to all foreign ports.

M. Thiers will attend the session of the Assembly to-day, when the report of the majority will come up for consideration. The excitement of the last few days has greatly subsided and all is quiet in Paris and the provinces.

Nine bodies have been recovered from the ruins of Boston fire, and five of them identified.

NEW YORK, November 22.—The American Free Religious Association, which opened its session in Philadelphia on Tuesday, resumed its sittings in Brooklyn yesterday. The Association has no creed to limit fellowship, but is established on the principles of truth-seeking—a new truth found—and includes spiritualists and Jews as well as Christians. Among the officers are Rev. O. B. Frothingham, R. Waldo Emerson, Gerritt Smith, E. B. Ward, of Michigan; F. S. Pott, of California, and Rabbi Wise, of Ohio.

Mr. Greeley's Health.

Some of the more malicious radical papers have asserted that Mr. Greeley had become insane. The Tribune of 28th, ult., puts the story to rest, as follows:

(From The Tribune.)

To relieve the anxiety of Mr. Greeley's many friends, who have been disturbed by untrue reports that he is an applicant for admission to Bloomingdale, or some other Asylum, and by other wild inventions, it is proper to repeat what The Tribune said, a week or more ago. He still suffers from nervous prostration, arising from almost total loss of sleep for a month or more, during and since his wife's illness. This finally affected the nerves of the stomach, and its rejection of food still further weakened the system. What he needs is a return of appetite and sleep, restoring tone to the system; and in both these particulars there has been an improvement this week.

For Whom Shall the Liberal Democratic Electors Cast Their Vote?

Baltimore, Dec. 1.—Since the death of Mr. Greeley a number of telegrams have been received in this city inquiring how the electoral college of this state will cast its vote for President, and suggesting unanimity in the vote by the electors in the states electing the Democratic and Liberal tickets. The Maryland electors will have a meeting to-morrow night and decide. The importance attached to the vote to be cast on Wednesday seems to be the bearing it may have on a nomination four years hence. Gov. Hendrick's name is proposed in all the telegrams received here.

—ST. LOUIS, November 28.—Garrett Miller's barn, near Mattoon, Ill., with its contents, including fifty horses, was burned last night. The loss is $50,000, with no insurance.

Nitro-Glycerine Again.

FOUR BOYS DROPPING STONES UPON FIVE CANS.

On 25th, at noon, five hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine exploded near the line of the New York and Boston Railroad, in Yonkers, killing Geo. Hill, Michael Gallagher, and mortally wounding John Donnolly, and seriously injuring Wm. Terry. Blasting has been going on in that vicinity of late, and as a great amount of this work is necessary, nitro-glycerine has been deposited at different points for use when wanted. Hill, Gallagher, Donnolly, and Terry while out gunning found five cans containing one hundred pounds each. A pit about four feet deep had been dug, and the cans placed in the excavation. A strong fence had been built around it, and on all sides were placards, bearing the words "Danger," "Beware," "Nitro-glycerine."

HAVING SOME FUN.

The boys walked around the fence commenting upon the improbability of danger from such harmless looking cans, and Hill proposed that as it was Evacuation Day they should create some fun by smashing the cans. The the others readily consented, and all four clambered to the top of a large rock about fifty feet above the glycerine, and rolling a stone weighing about fifty pounds to the edge of the rock, Hill and Gallagher proposed to tumble it into the pit. Terry said the darned thing might strike fire and blow the stuff up. Hill, laughingly, said, "let her blow; we'll have some fun anyway." Terry seized Donnolly by the arm, and running away about two hundred feet, they hid behind a large tree, at the same time jeered by Hill and Gallagher. Hill then rolled the stone down. It struck the cans, and the explosion which followed was heard and felt for ten miles around. Trees, stones, and great chunks of earth were hurled in every direction. The rock where Hill and Gallagher stood, weighing hundreds of tons, was blown into fragments. The ground was torn up hundreds of feet around. A first-class earthquake could not have created greater havoc. Every pane of glass in houses for miles around was shattered, and the inmates were terrified. The explosion was heard in White Plains, Tarrytown, Tremont, Washington Heights, and even over in New Jersey.

BODIES BLOWN TO ATOMS.

Workmen from the railroad hurried to the scene, well knowing what had happened. They found Terry and Donnolly with their clothing stripped from their bodies, lying about two hundred feet from the scene of the explosion, groaning in agony. Donnolly's body was badly lacerated. His legs and one arm were broken, his body was black and blue, and one eye was gone. He was mortally wounded. Terry was the least hurt and will probably recover. He is the only one left to give an account of the afternoon.

When the smoke had cleared away search was made for Hill and Gallagher. Hill's body was blown to atoms. His entrails were suspended from the limbs of a tree hundred feet away. Other parts of the body were scattered for hundreds of feet around. Only a small part of his remains, however, had been found last night. Gallagher's body was blown into so many particles as Hill's. His legs were found severed from the body, which was stripped perfectly nude. Even his boots had been torn to atoms and scattered among the debris. The body, minus the arms and head, lay about fity feet from the legs. The scalp and face, without the skull, were found in another place. The arms were shattered, and only portions were found. The skull is still missing.

—CINCINNATI, O., November, 27—The chickens in Hamilton county, in the vicinity of the places where the horse disease existed, are dying rapidly. The hogs are also said to be diseased. One man reports the loss of fifty from the disease, which he attributes to the rooting about the stables containing sick horses.

A SPECK OF WAR.

NEW YORK, November 29.—The German Minister at Washington is reported to have said that he regarded as possible war between Germany and France, and that he had official advices that his government apprehended trouble.

—The 800 snow bound railroaders, in Minnesota, have been reached.

THE GREAT WEEKLY.

THE HARRISBURG PATRIOT.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT GRATIS!

To every new subscriber to the Patriot for the year 1873, whose name, accompanied by two dollars, is received after this date and prior to January next, we will send the paper for the remainder of 1872, gratis.

The favorite weekly, The Harrisburg Patriot, is now a Mammoth Folio, and contains more Reading Matter than any other paper published in Pennsylvania.

It furnishes all the political and general news of the current week in condensed form.

It gives an accurate report of the Markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg and Harrisburg.

Its Literary department contains Tales, Essays, Poetry, etc., by the best American and European writers.

It will give full and accurate reports of Legislative proceedings and of the doings of the Constitutional Convention. During the session of these bodies it will be of peculiar interest to every Pennsylvanian. It will also give a complete resume of the proceedings of Congress.

The political aim of the Patriot will continue to be the elevation of the Laboring classes, the protection of the people against the encroachments of Rings and Monopolies Electoral Reform, the establishment of a sound system of finance, the re-enfranchisement of disfranchised American citizens, and last but not least, the restoration of Local Self Government.

The following rates, unexampled in cheapness, have been fixed for subscription to the

WEEKLY PATRIOT:

One Copy, one year	$2.00
One Copy, six months	1.25
Four Copies, one year, each	1.75
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An extra copy, free is furnished to the Agent sending in clubs of ten or more. A copy of the Daily Patriot will be sent, free, to the Agent sending in clubs of fifty or more. All papers will be separately addressed, but must go to one post office. (See directions below.)

THE DAILY PATRIOT,

Published every morning, Sundays excepted, is a first class newspaper, containing full telegraphic reports, Washington dispatches, the most complete and accurate market reports, full accounts of proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, Congress and Legislature, spicy editorials, etc.

One Copy, one year, by mail, $7; Five Copies do., $32; Ten Copies do., $60.

Larger Clubs at the last named rates. Papers may be separately addressed, but must be taken in one package. The money must accompany the order to insure attention.

DIRECTIONS.—Additions to clubs may be made at any time in the year at the above club rates. Changes in club Lists made only on request of persons receiving packages, stating date of subscription, edition, post office and State, to which it has been previously sent.

TERMS.—Cash in advance. Send Post Office Money Order, Bank Draft or Registered letter. Bills sent by Mail will be at the risk of the sender.

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"THE PATRIOT."

Letters From India.

CENTRE HALL ABROAD.

LETTER NO. IX.

(Correspondence of the Centre Reporter.)

It was our original intention to sail directly from Marseilles to Alexandria, in Egypt, but through the mis-direction of the blundering agent at London, we arrived at Marseilles "a day too late" for the Alexandria steamer. A steamer, however, was just starting out, whose ultimate destination was the same, but which would go by the way of Asia Minor and the Levant. Not relishing the idea of remaining another week to feed the hungry musquitoes of Marseilles, we pitched our traps on board and secured a passage on the French ship "Ebre" of the Messageries Maritimes. We found her commodious and comfortable, with a jolly lot of Englishmen on board. One party was going down the Mediterranean to Brindisi, on a sort of pleasure excursion, thence to return across the continent to England. Another party hollow eyed and sunken-cheeked was going to the southern coast of France is grand beyond description. Gigantic mountains of solid granite rear their heads until they seem to pierce the very skies, and not a single plant, or bush, relieves their utterly barren sides. A bird could not find a single blade of grass on all their massive surface. Here and there a gigantic peak towers aloft in solitary grandeur like some lone sentinel, guarding the lifeless waste around. I sat upon deck, hour after hour, gazing upon the sublime scene and thinking of the vast eternities that rolled away, whilst those awful masses were accumulating particle by particle.

The western traveller here gets his first introduction to eastern mountain scenery. It is a grand one. No mountain scenery in the Orient ever impressed me so much, not even Lebanon or Moab.

If the weather is fine and clear, the island of Corsica is passed so closely, that Ajaccio, the birthplace of Bonaparte, can easily be discerned. The island of Sardinia near Caprera, or Garibaldi's Island, where he now lives, at the eastern end of the straits of Bonifacio, has a most singular appearance; it is very high and resembles the form of a huge brown bear. Leaving this the steamer passes across the Pyrrhenian Sea, in view of the fine scenery of the Calabrian coast, along which Garibaldi marched on his memorable advance to Naples in 1860. It was along here, at Pizzo, that Napoleon's gallant cavalry leader, Marshal Murat, was captured and shot in 1815. It was of him that Bonaparte once said: "always look where the fight is the thickest if you wish to see the white cockade of Murat." Brave man, he deserved a nobler fate than the dog's death he received.

Etna and the Lipari Islands come into view. Smoke is always issuing from the crater of Etna and flames from that of Stromboli. The day was somewhat hazy so that we could not verify the fact. It is said that Stromboli, serves as a natural light house, visible for nearly fifty miles all around.

The third day out we cast anchor at Palermo, in Sicily. The engine had scarcely been reversed until we were beseiged by scores of noisy, clamoring boatmen, yelling at the top of their voices in a horrible mixture of bad French and worse Italian and striving with each other for the job of taking us on shore. If we had not known beforehand that their intentions were peaceful and saw that they were unarmed, the savage looking beggars might have given rise to visions of cannibalism, or at the very least, of scalping. All manner of things had they for sale—oranges, cabbages, rabbits, pigeons &c. The everlasting Jew was among the rest—selling ornaments made out of the lava of Etna, and I discovered that the universal Jewish characteristic of knavery and cunning were not wanting to my Sicilian Israelite. The discovery, however, cost me five francs.

Palermo is said to contain 150,000 inhabitants. It is fair outwardly, but a vile hole within.

The climate of Sicily is most genial. Bold, rugged mountain ranges form the boundary of the island on every side, but I am told that beyond those craggy mountain tops there are delightful valleys abounding in streams of limpia water, bright clear villages, with charming little sequestered nooks that make Sicily a most desirable winter retreat for scores of invalids from Northern Europe. A dapper little Russian on board, with whom I had made a temporary acquaintance, had spent the previous winter on the island. He was most extravagant in praises of its salubrity and health-giving atmosphere. He urged me with a solicitude that would have been ludicrous if it had not been so earnest, if ever I found my physical stamina abating to at once make head for Sicily. It was all done with such evident good will, too, that I was almost sorry I could not give him the wished for promise.

We remained at Palermo a day, and then raised anchor and stood for Messina on the opposite side of the island. At the Faro of Messina the classic Scylla and Charybdis are passed on opposite sides of the channal between the main land and Sicily. The old story about this passage, like a good many other things in this world, when properly investigated, turns out to be a good deal of a humbug. There is no real whirlpool to make the passage dangerous; though it is said to be troublesome to small craft sometimes. At the time of the earthquake of 1783 when the inhabitants of Scylla were gathered on the beach, for safety from the falling houses, a tremendous wave suddenly rose and swept away 2700 persons.

Cast anchor the next morning after leaving Palermo at Messina. The scene at Palermo the day before was re-enacted here. The boatmen took us by storm! Just here I will take occasion to remark, that during all the days of my sojourn in the flesh, and in all my intercourse with human kind, I have never seen such a persistent, persevering, utterly irrepressible set of outlaws as these Eastern boatmen. This applies to them all from Southampton and Gibraltar to Calcutta. No sooner does a vessel heave in sight of a port than they are seen bearing down upon you with all the might that is in them. By the time the anchor is thrown out, the ship is literally surrounded. Here they are in their strange looking craft, bumping up against the sides of the vessel, fighting, gesticulating, screeching and yelling like the veriest madmen, each striving to get his boat nearest the companion ladder, sometrying to climp up the outrigging to the deck and thrashed back with a ropes end by the quartermaster, those below meanwhile deriding them in their defeat—presenting altogether such a scene of tumult and confusion as "beggars description." I have sat upon the quarter deck and laughed at the ludicrous scene until my sides ached. If you wish to go on shore, you select your man, and then fight your way to his boat. Unless you lay around you lustily with your cane or are able to convince them by your looks that you are not a man to be trifled with, the rascals will pull you into the first boat you come to—and that in spite of yourself. To see them at their worst one must go to Jaffa, in Palestine, or to Madras in Southern India. At these places they resemble nothing so much in appearance and conduct as pirates.

Messina is a place of 100,000 inhabitants. The city and its environs are romantic and picturesque in the extreme. The lofty mountain ranges rising abruptly in the rear, with noble villas and stately castles perched here and there on their sides and reached by long flights of tortuous steps winding up from the level below, forms a background of surpassing beauty. Far in the rear Mt. Etna can be seen towering in majestic grandeur, 10,874 feet high and twenty feet in circumference. The ascent to it is a league in circumference, and within formed like a large amphitheatre, from whence issue ashes. It was in eruption on the northeast side only three years ago. The harbor of Messina is one of the finest in the Mediterranean.

The Voyage from Messina to Smyrna, in good weather is very fine. The scenery along the southern coast of Italy is most beautiful. Villages and hamlets and castles are perched all along the rocky coast. A noble old road, probably built by those royal roadmakers—the Romans, runs along the coast for miles. As evening set in a violent storm arose. I soon began my old habit of trying to turn myself inside out. How sick I was I may not attempt to tell, and I *will* not attempt to tell. But I will here record my opinion, arrived at after the most mature deliberation, that the man who wrote "A home on the rushing sea," was either a fool, or a most desperately wicked wretch. It makes me mad every time those confounded lines come into my head. I will further say, that the insane blockhead who wanted to be "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," is welcome to take just as much rocking as the pleases, but as for myself I beg to be excused. Not any rocking for me, thank you. Let me but get back to Centre Hall once more and I go to see no more, though I get no rocking all the days of my life.

It was some consolation, however, on this occasion, that U—and the ships Commissary were as sick as I was.

CENTRE HALL.

Buffalo, Nov. 7.—McCormick & Lynch's canal stables were burned last night. About 50 horses and mules perished.

If you want to buy or sell, advertise in the REPORTER.

For the Reporter.

SLANDER.

(The following is the conclusion of S's communication, which was crowded out last week.)

EDITOR REPORTER:—Centre Hall was a flourishing little town situated at the foot of Nittany mountain in one of the most beautiful and fertile vallies of Penn's. The Lewisburg Centre and Spruce Creek R. R., passing through the valley 1 a mile south of the town which for a time bid fair to make Centre Hall the great metropolis of Centre county. Unfortunately Centre Hall has met with her reverses and just at present is very much in need of a thorough reconstructing, from the fact that one man is as good as another and a great deal better. Just now wrangling, malice, hatred, and scandal seems to be the order of the day. Charity is a stranger here now; charity thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity and beareth all things. It takes no pleasure in hearing or talking of the fancied or real faults of others; it says, let all bitterness and evil speaking be put away from you with all malice. The most malignant kind of evil speaking is inventing the slander, but there is not much difference between the great devil who makes it and the little imps who circulate it. Says one, I did not bear false witness against so and so, I only told what I had heard. But how did you know it was not false? How seldom they who spread an evil report take any pains to investigate its truth. Be sure before you repeat a charge that it is true. Once uttered you cannot recall it. He to whom you tell it tells others. Before repeating an evil report we should ask does charity prompt me; am I seeking the good of others; but I will just tell my friend, at the same time enjoining secrecy on him. The cause of this evil speaking of others is various—sometimes from envy. The wise and the good are rendered less superior in the eyes of the world when some evil is said of them, then from hatred and revenge. O, what a cowardly method of retaliation! why not stand up face to face with your enemy and tell him of his faults. How hypocritical it is to profess to be your friend to your face and shooting the poisoned arrow of slander at you from behind your back. Sometimes this is done through pride. There is a secret, self-laudation in finding faults with others the scandal monger seems to say, "How much better I am than my neighbor." Some seem to think there is a fixed amount of merit and praise in the world, and so the more they deprive others of it the more they reserve for themselves, and declare how dreadfully they have been shocked to hear such and such things. And say, O I am so sorry to have to tell you so and so about so and so. But how often beneath this mask there is rejoicing. There is positive satisfaction, there is an exultation ill concealed at the inconsistencies and disgrace of an enemy or a rival of any one who has stood high in the estimation of others. The evil speaker should bear in mind that whether the person maligned be guilty or innocent the speaker condemns himself in lacking that charity without which he is nothing. How many are ready to take the judge's chair and pronounce sentence, but let me say to all such, stop the trial till you send for the accused and hear what he has to say. As greedy vultures pouncing down upon a putrid carcase, as filty flies buzzing round a stinking dirt heap, all the gossipers who with evident relish utter detraction or listen to it,

"When men combine to hate and treat on ill,
Must he return them good and love them still,
But if his name and character they tear,
And cruel malice too, too plain appear,
And when he sorrow and affliction knows
They try to add unto his cup of woes."

In conclusion let me say to my western friends they have my heartfelt thanks for their kindness shown me while sojourning in their midst. And to all contemplating a visit to the west, that they will never regret it, is my honest conviction. A. S.

REMEDY FOR THE HORSE DISEASE

Charcoal, 2 ounces; elecampane, 2 ounces; nitrate of soda, 1½ ounces; asafoetida in powder, 1½ ounce; Duvoy's horse powder, 1 package; extract of licorice, 3 ounces; Sal amonia, ¼ ounce, and honey or molasses, ½ pint.

Mix the powders well and add the honey work it up to a pill mass and make pills twice as long as thick, (of 1 ounce each), give one pill to the horse every hour for the first three hours; then one pill every three hours for the next 12 hours, then one pill every four to six hours thereafter.

OMAHA LOTTERY.
A NOBLE CHARITY.
To erect the
NEBRASKA STATE ORPHAN ASYLUM,
To be Drawn in Public,
DECEMBER 30th, 1872.

$230,505.00

Tickets $1.00 *Each or Six for* $5.00.
Tickets sent by Express C. O. D., if desired.

1 Grand Cash Prize		$75,000
1 Grand Cash Prize		25,000
1 Grand Cash Prize		15,000
1 Grand Cash Prize		10,000
1 Cash Prize		5,000
1 Cash Prize		4,000
2 Cash Prizes, $3,000 each		6,000
4 Cash Prizes, $2,000 each		8,000
2 Cash Prizes, $1,000 each		2,000
50 Cash Prizes, Each	$100	5,000
100 " "	50	5,000
200 " "	25	5,000
1000 " "	10	10,000
3101 " "	5	15,500

8465 cash prizes amounting to..... $230,505

This Legal Enterprise is endorsed by the highest authority of the State and best business men.

Over one-half the tickets taken before Oct. 1st. The limited number on hand will be furnished those who apply first.

Money can be sent by mail, in Registered Letters, Post Office Money Orders, or by Express.

All Prizes will be paid in full. Agents wanted. For full particulars address.

J. M. PATTEE,
General Manager, Omaha, Neb.
15 nov 8t

B. O. DEININGER. A. C. MUSSER.

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

New Firm—New Enterprse.

DEININGER & MUSSER,

(Successors to B. O. DEININGER)

We would most respectfully inform the public, that they have taken charge of this old and successful establishment, and propose to carry on the same under renewed auspices.

They have on hand, and will make to order,

MONUMENTS,
COUCHES,
TOMBS &
HEADSTONES,

of any possible design, and price. We use the best grades of marble—

ITALIAN,
CARARA,
AMERICAN STATUARY,
RUTLAND &c.,

and say with perfect assurance, "Our work is our reference."

Shop, East of Bridge, Millheim.
apr26.1y.

J. ZELLER & SON

DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

P. B. WILSON. THOMAS A. HICKS.

HARDWARE STORE!!

WILSON & HICKS,

Bellefonte, Pa.,

(Successors to IRWIN & WILSON,)

Respectfully inform the citizens of Centre and other counties, that they have one of the largest and best selected stock of Hardware to be found, cons

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1872. NO. 49.

COMMONPLACE.

She tossed the curls from her blushing face;
She softly sighed, with a girlish grace,
"I'm weary of life—it's so commonplace!

"Weary of music, forever sweet;
Weary of rose-leaves beneath my feet;
Sick of the days that themselves repeat."

Faded the roses, the music stilled;
Change has come, as the maiden willed;
Sorrow the pulse of her life has thrilled—

Sorrow too deep to be sighed away;
Where is that weariness yesterday,
Bright with a beauty too fair to stay?

Into the silence that sits apart,
Keeping watch o'er the aching heart,
Stealsa thought like an arrowy dart:

"Through the swift cycles of time and space
One is the fate that befalls the race—
Happy lives only are commonplace."

Rome Wasn't Built in a Day.

The boy who does a stroke and stops
Will never a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth
A mountain, so to speak;
The little atoms of sand and earth
Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams
The gold above the gray;
'Tis a thousand little yellow gleams
That make the day the day.

Not from the snow-drift May awakes
Its purples, reds and greens;
Spring's whole bright retinue it takes
To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from root to root;
And blossoms bloom and fade withal
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten bread;
Then cradle, thrash and go to mill,
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out,
That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto then, at start,
'Twill help to smooth the way,
And steady up both hand and heart,
"Rome wasn't built in a day!"

LOU'S BALLOON.

I was sitting quietly in my room one morning, when a note from my old friend, Lou Livermore, was brought in. I was very fond of Lou, as, indeed, all her friends are; though she still remains, like Holmes's aunt,—

"The sole unscathered rose
On her ancestral tree."

She lives far up in the country, but occasionally comes to Boston on a visit. Her note was as follows:—

DEAR HEPSY.—Here I am at the Hub at the west end of it: is that the hubbiest part, I wonder? I am coming over to see you on Thursday. I meant to go to-day; but I can't; I'm all used up,—"clear tuckered out," as Aunt Polly used to say. "What has done it?" Why, my new dress; and such a dress! It will give you fits to see how my back is buttoned up and puffed out. I'm a regular balloon; a fashion-plate; a anything that is huge and hideous,—a camel or dromedary, for example: only they, poor things! were born with humps on their backs, and I wasn't. "How came it so deformed?" In an evil hour I listened to the voice of the tempter, and put myself into the hands of a city dressmaker.

"She's very stylish," quoth the tempter.

Little wrecked I in my ignorance what that meant; and I went to her rooms in sweet, confiding simplicity, bearing in an innocent-looking dress pattern under my arm. I had three *sesses* with Mrs. Cuttit, a most imposing personage, of whom I stood in moral terror; and at length emerged, transformed. I went in slim; I came out stout; I went in plain; I came out hump-backed; I went in wit; forty dollars in my purse; I came out with just enough to pay my fare home on the street-car,—the collapse having been transferred from my person to my purse with incredible celerity and ease.

Verily, fashion "doth make cowards of us all;" yea, and puff-balls also! I wish I had the courage to go through the world in a gored gown without a pinch or puff or pucker on it; but I haven't; so I am a balloon, that by some incomprehensible machinery is raised into mountainous ridges. Surmounting these ridges, at right angles to my body—if there be a body inside this corrugated globe, of which I am in serious doubt, to say nothing of an immortal soul—projects a fan-shaped, be-fringed, be-puckered basque, looking, for all the world, like a spread turkey-tail. On the top of this projection a good sized trunk could be comfortably seated; only it might fall in! I wonder if a pappoose couldn't be inserted somewhere: I do so long to blend the useful with the ornamental!

Now, Hepsibah, you are a sensible married woman, competent to give good advice; and I ask you, what am I to do? Go round the world in this harlequin guise, or give the whole thing a great smash! I should be glad to preserve a modicum of self-respect; but how can I, inside of a balloon?

I shall appear in full spread on Thursday to spend the day. I can't sit down; but I *should* like the lean of a bed-post and a cord; I might go up, you know. Till then, in every fibre of my stiffening. Yours truly,

THE GREAT EXPANDED.

I sat laughing over this; when in walked Hester Graywood, another old friend. After the first salutation, she slowly twirled herself round, and sank into a chair exclaiming: "Behold the woman who dares!"

Ah! I saw; she, too, had on a new dress. It was of silvery-gray silk, made with one skirt, without a particle of trimming on it, and a sacque just bound with a bias fold of the same. Yes, she had dared. It was really a refreshing sight; and she looked perfectly bewitching in the quaker-like costume. But, then, Hester Graywood is such a pretty little creature, she can't help looking lovely in anything; and she knows it, so it does not require so great courage in her to dare. Yes, she looked charming. Yet, on a second glance, there seemed a kind of bareness about her, as if something were wanting. Was this because I had looked so long on mountains of drippery that my eye and taste had both been corrupted? Ten years ago we all wore such plain, single skirts, and considered ourselves elegantly dressed; why should they look mean and skimpy now?

I read Lou's note to Hester, and she promised to join us at dinner on Thursday.

"Extremes should meet," she said.

She stayed on awhile, and we had a little talk on dress, and the bondage fashion imposes; or how the taste of the community is corrupted by the overloaded, ungraceful styles in vogue now, and on many other things, such as sensible women do talk about when they get together.

"One of the greatest evils of this absurd overloading," said Hester, "is that it so fearfully overworks women. We hear a great deal about the hardships of the poor shirt-makers in our cities; and they are to be pitied, I know. But there are other women to be pitied too. Look, for example, at my neighbor, Mrs. T. She is a fair representative of a large class, and not an exaggerated case. Her husband is a hard-working mechanic, who earns a good living, and ought to lay up something for a wet day; but he can't support a wife and six children in luxury, especially as four of them are girls. Mrs. T. is an ambitious woman, and says she will have her children 'decently dressed;' that means fashionably dressed. She can't afford to hire her sewing done; so, in addition to all her housework, she makes their dresses; and if you have seen Gracie, the eldest one, you can judge what that implies."

"She's a very stylish-looking girl," I said.

"Yes; and her mother is very proud of her, as is natural. She is just seventeen; and what wonderful costumes she does bloom out in! They are all afloat with puffs and ruffles, quills and frills, till there's scarce an inch of unbrimmed space about her. And Clara and Nellie go by to school every morning, each with another set of furbelowed upper skirts and under skirts, basques and sacks, while baby Belle—bless her dear little heart!—is all afloat, too, with tiny ruffles on her tiny skirt."

"Isn't she a darling?" I cried.

"Yes, lovely, with her blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks; but wouldn't she be just as pretty in a plain white dress with a bit of edging round the neck and sleeves, if it were the fashion? And the pretty Gracie—Is the charm in her, her lovely complexion and fine expression, or in her furbelows and fringes?"

"In her, of course," I said. "Children and young girls are never so pleasing as when simply dressed."

"Certainly; and our taste is corrupted when we do not see this. But there's poor Mrs. T. thinks it absolutely necessary to follow the last fashion-plate; so she works like a slave from morning till night and her sewing-machine is often going till after midnight. No wonder she looks broken down, and has neuralgia and a diseased spine. She has done the work of two women, and it is the hardest kind of work, too. Every inch of those interminable yards of hemming and binding, gathering and fastening, passes through her fingers, to say nothing of the contriving and fitting, and basting and ripping. I wonder the woman is alive. I don't believe there is a woman in the city harder worked."

"But why don't the daughters help her?"

"Those in school haven't any time. Gracie does all she can; but with her calls and callers, practising and picnicing, croquetting and coquetting, it would be cruel to expect her to do more than make the plainest portion of her under-clothes."

"But it's absurd," I said, "for a mechanic's wife to go into such extravagance."

"I don't know as a mechanic's wife can be expected to be more sensible than any other woman," said Hester dryly. "A reform must begin somewhere else, I fancy."

"I suppose so," I said with a sigh; but the whole subject is full of difficulties."

"All of which might be overcome if women had a spark of independence. Here is a tangible evil for them to grapple with, now that they have waked up to a sense of their strength and capabilities."

"Yes; they may as well begin a reform here, as of the nation at the ballot-box," I said, laughing. "But how to do it is the question. Is there any standard by which dress can be judged and regulated."

"Not now," said Hester; "but I believe the principles of art, true art, might be applied to dress as to other things; that there is an essential, intrinsic beauty or ugliness in our garments, entirely irrespective of fashion; in other words, that it is one thing to be well dressed, and another to be fashionably dressed."

"Yes," I said; "but what is it to be well dressed?"

"I can tell you what it isn't," said Hester. "It isn't to wear a huge protuberance on your head or your back, which, if you had been born with it, would have been considered a shocking deformity. It isn't to conceal all the lines of the human figure, or to make it one mountain of trimming, when trimming should always be subservient, adding grace, and defining outlines. And then, it must be something permanent. It can't be the changing thing fashionable dressing is. Art wouldn't make a balloon of us this month, and a scantily-draped statue the next; she wouldn't tilt us up on heels that agonize our toes, and pitch us down stairs to-day, and to-morrow see us on the ground like so many bare-footed Indians."

"That would be comfort," I said. "If, when a dress was made, it would stay made, and look well till it was worn out, it would lessen half our labors."

"Well, Hepsy, I believe the good time is coming—the time when we shall have a higher civilization, and break the chains fashion fetters us with now. Then we shall distinguish between true beauty and deformity; and our milliners and dressmakers will be *artists*, and not *modistes*; and, instead of hopping and stretching us all on one iron bed, they will study adaptation to age, complexion, and character, till we come out of their hands individual, as well as comfortable and attractive. When we think of it, isn't it strange how it ever came about that we let ourselves all be worried into exactly the same shaped garments, no matter how different we are in size and figure?"

"Very strange and absurd," I said; and Hester went away.

Exactly at one o'clock on Thursday the Great Expanded arrived. She was a good deal puffed out truly, and made all manner of fun of herself. When Hester Graywood came in, wearing her untrimmed gray silk, she made a low obeisance.

"I do thee homage, thou most heroic of womankind!" she cried. "I cast myself in the dust at thy feet. I envy, I adore thee, thou woman who dares!"

Finally we got a little quieted; though naturally enough, our thoughts still ran on dress.

"I am disgusted with myself," said Lou; "I really am. I don't want to be fashionable; I couldn't afford it if I did; but my tastes are all plain and simple. I consider such an over-loaded, puffed-out concern as this not only ridiculous, but vulgar; yet here I am wearing it; and I lose my self-respect in consequence. But how could I help myself? How in the world did you manage, Hester, to get a sensible dress made?"

"Just by my horribly obstinate temper," said Hester, laughing. "First I had a pitched battle with Mrs. Cuttit, and came off victorious; then I ran the gantlet of her twenty sewing-girls, who opened all their forty eyes in holy terror at the trying on."

"I should as soon think of fighting Hercules," said Lou. "There's no place where I am so thoroughly cowed as in dressmakers' rooms, I don't dare to peep or mutter."

"Yes;—amiable people like you rather submit than make a fuss."

"But they ought to make a fuss," said Lou; "it's sheer cowardice in my case, not amiability. Every lady's dress should be an expression of her own individual taste and character—but look at us! we are all turned out just alike, like so many ninepins."

"Well, what is to be done about it?" I asked.

"Why not form an anti-fashion society," said Hester, "and get all sensible women to pledge themselves to dress according to their own ideas of propriety, without regard to fashion? 'Union is strength,' and organized effort the order of the day."

"Capital!" cried Lou—"we'll draft and sign a declaration of independence; and you, Hester, shall put down your name with a great dash, John Hancock-like."

"I'll make out the list of grievances," said I.

"Easy enough to do that," said Lou; wornout mothers, bankrupted fathers, neglected babies, disgusted husbands"——

"Hold there!" I cried. "Husbands are as fond of dress as wives, so far as my experience goes."

"Why do they keep up such an everlasting fault-finding with our extravagance, then?"

"Well, my dear, men are not always severely consistent—they are eloquent on that theme, I know; but put a plainly-dressed girl on one side of a man, and a fluttering piece of millinery on the other, and ten to one he will be enchanted with the latter John Seymour is not the only victim of "pink and white tyranny."

"Then men are in a measure responsible for the evil," said Hester.

"So I tell Tom," I said. "Let every man who approves of simplicity and economy devote himself to the plainest-dressed girl in the room, turning a cold shoulder on those who wear diamonds and such like sinful things, and he will do more to effect a reformation than by years of preaching. Girls like to please nice young men, and no harm done either, just as young men like to please nice young girls. The influence is mutual and wholesome. Let young men frown on extravagantly-dressed young women, and young women scorn on dissipated, fast young men, and a vital change in manners and morals would soon follow."

At this point in our discussion I heard Tom's step in the hall; and with him came Prof. Downing, an old friend of his, whom he had asked to dine with us. The professor is a fine-looking man, besides being learned, agreeable, and a bachelor. Now, Tom and I never make matches; but, having had such a good time together ourselves, we do sometimes wish certain of our friends would take a fancy to each other; and the night before we had spoken of the professor and Hester, saying how nice it was he should happen to be in the city just then to meet her.

Moreover, knowing his refined, almost severe taste, and his dislike of all display, I had all the morning inwardly chuckled over Hester's untrimmed dress; it was exactly the thing to suit his fastidious taste. How lucky it was she wore it!

The dinner passed off delightfully. Tom was in his most hospitable mood; Lou and Hester brilliant; the professor genial; and, the soups, salmon, and roast lamb, all being done to a turn, the hostess serene. The learned professor and the pretty Hester could not have come together under more auspicious influences; and Tom and I had great complacency in our little plan

A few days after, Tom told me he had been drawing the professor out a little on our guests.

"And what did he say at Hester?" I asked eagerly.

"He said this: 'Miss Graywood is certainly quite pretty; but what a pity it is she doesn't dress better! Your friend, Miss Livermore, sets her a good example there.'

"The horrid man! and he pretending to have classic tastes!" I cried. And (will you believe it?) Tom and I are now both quite sure that the professor who detests fashion and frippery, who admires only "chaste designs" and "classic outlines," is actually in love with Lou. And the balloon did it! yes, the balloon did it!

Oh, the consistency of men!

Effects of the Boston Calamity on Business affairs.

The N. Y. *Evening Post* — good authority in financial and commercial affairs—says:

It is fortunate, at least so far as immediate effects are concerned, that the sad news of the Boston conflagration reached us on Sunday, so that a day's reflection could intervene before business began. Had the blow come more suddenly, a disastrous and widespread panic might have followed immediately. As it is, business men have had time to recover their presence of mind and to a considerate survey of the situation—in a word, time has been given for the exercise of their reason. The losses by the fire cannot fail to be large, but we believe that they have been greatly exaggerated by the sensational part of the press. An attempt has also been made to draw a parallel between this fire and the Chicago fire, but the circumstances, at least so far as they bear on business, are very different. Chicago owed nearly everything to the East, the debts being, in part, ordinary mercantile obligations and in part in the shape of real estate mortgages. In fact Chicago was originally built up on eastern capital, and its business was in a large measure conducted on Eastern credits. It has been rebuilt, to a large extent, by eastern and English, or Canadian capital. Boston, on the other hand, while old and rich, is a creditor city both in current business and in investment operations. The losses, if we exclude those by the shareholders of insurance companies in the Middle States and the foreign insurance companies, will fall most heavily on Boston itself and on New England, in the latter on the manufacturing districts and on cities identified with insurance interests. If such a calamity had to overtake any city in the country, none was better able to bear it than Boston, and particularly the section destroyed, which included, in a business point of view, the wealthiest and most solid part of the city. A good share of the real estate in the burnt district is owned by wealthy estates as an investment; and perhaps no like amount of property in the United States was so free of incumbrance. The principal disturbance, in a legitimate way, which our market for securities here will feel, will be caused by sales of the securities of insurance companies; and these sales, as has been demonstrated in the past, will extend over a considerable space of time. A good part of these securities are government bonds, and it has been intimated that the Treasury will, in case of need, buy an extra amount of bonds; in a word, will give relief to the money market if necessary. If we are to have trouble, which, however, can be averted by wise and firm action, it is the opinion of cool heads that the trouble will come rather from the foreign markets than from the Boston fire. There are good reasons, however, to believe that every means will be used by the Treasury to restore confidence and steadiness to the markets, and that the worst is past.

Loss of Life at the Boston Fire.

Hundreds of persons were injured, but only a few fatally, in the progress of the great conflagration, a letter-writer describes a terrible scene which took place at the furnishing store of Hickman, on Washington street, where the walls had been wrapt in a deadly embrace by the flames, and had become weak and tottering through the intense heat. At length they fell, and three men were buried up to the shoulders among the heavy fragments of brick and stone. The terrible physical agony of their cries of anguish which they suffered filled the frightened crowd with horror, but at first no one advanced to their succor. After a few moments two or three men crossed the street to where a portion of the wall was still overhanging the spot where the poor victims were begging and shrieking for help, and tried by the utmost exertion of main strength to pull and wrench them out of the horrible vice, but these efforts only made greater their suffering, and the bricks and other debris were still falling at every moment. The men relinquished the perilous and fruitless risk and retreated from the dangerous spot, and shortly afterwards, in frightful paroxysms of pain and with cries that will ring in the ears of many of the spectators to their dying day, the crushed masses of humanity gave up the breath of life and were a moment afterwards buried by another crashing fall of the wall. A fireman named Martin Spencer, belonging to the Medford force, was injured by the toppling over of another wall on Summer street, with a serious cut in the head. Mr. Daniel McClellan, of the firm of Charles Crosby & Co., No 46 Water street, and an employe went into the building when it was blown up. Strange to relate, Mr. McClellan escaped with only a blackened countenance and the natural shock to his nervous system consequent upon such an experience. The employe also got away, but the extent of his injuries are unknown.

Wanted to Arrive.

A seedy-looking individual walked into the Crawford House in Cleveland, a few evenings ago, and stepping up to the register, seized the pen and registered his name at the foot of the long list of the day's arrivals. It was a noble name—George Washington Botts—written in a firm, bold hand, and with a big flourish underneath. It was plain that the seedy man was accustomed to making a flourish in the world, if it were only with a pen.

"Have a room?" inquired the clerk, incidentally measuring the man with his eagle eye to see if he wouldn't fit in one of his sky *Boudoirs*.

"No," said seedy shortly, picking his teeth with a splinter toothpick he had selected from the well assorted supply always found on the counter.

"Supper then, I suppose?" added the clerk, preparing to add an S to the end of George Washington Botts' name.

"No, Sir, no supper," said Mr. Botts, with severity; "I simply want to *arrive*. A-r ar, r-i-v-e rive, arrive. I want neither room, supper nor anything else, but I particularly desire to arrive. It is a long time since I have arrived at a hotel—a very long time" (his voice choked a little), "and I thought, if you hadn't any objection, I—I would like to arrive once more before I died."

Here he was compelled to hide his emotions in his coat tail, in the absence of a pocket handkerchief. The clerk, always ready to do a good action, generously allowed the unfortunate individual to arrive, and George Washington Botts, hastily drying his eyes with a pen wiper, wrung the captain's hand in mute though heartfelt gratitude, and then stalked gloomily forth into darkness and the night.

It is interesting to find that the so-called silver mines of Athens, from the profits of which Pericles is said to have built the Parthenon, are now attracting special attention. The mines of Laurium are some veins of argentiferous galena running between the mica schist and limestone formations of the promontory of Laurium, stretching from Senium to Athens. From the remains of the ancient workings, there are new being obtained about 9,000 tuns of bar lead, lowered in value by being very antimonial, which contains above ten ounces of silver to the tun.

Ending of a Remarkable Lawsuit.

A very remarkable lawsuit, which has been for some time pending in the courts of Kentucky and Indiana, was brought to a termination a day or two ago by the agreement of the parties to the suit to a compromise.

Some years ago a German gentleman named Gustavus Schurman resided in Louisville. He was the possessor of a considerable amount of property, lived in good style, drove fine horses, sported a footman in livery, and claimed to be a German nobleman. He was married to a German young lady, had a young and interesting family, and to all appearances was prosperous and happy. But as in so many families, there was a ghost in this one, the secret of whose existence did not come to light until the death of the principal actor in this little social drama.

Gustavus was a resident of Aix-la-Chapelle, a little city in Rhenish Prussia, pursued the business of cloth manufacturer, and was what might be considered well off, his real and personal estate being worth about $100,000. He loved, or thought he loved, a lady named Amelia Eberhardine Goll, daughter of one of the royal counselors, and in 1845 he proposed marriage, was accepted, and the marriage ceremony was performed in that year. An ante-nuptial contract was entered into between the two, according to the code Napoleon, which was in force at Aix-la-Chapelle, by which in case of the death of the husband before the wife, she became entitled to one-eighth in fee simple of his entire estate, and one-fourth of the estate during her life time, besides having a community of interest in all acquisitions to the common fund after marriage, which community of interest would entitle her to one half.

The two lived happily together for some time, or apparently so. The life of the wife, however, was soon rendered wretched by the discovery that another had supplanted her in her husband's affections. This however, was not exactly the case; it was she in reality, who had taken the place which nature had assigned to another. Schurman had in his employ a number of factory girls, one of whom, Catherine Bengels, was possessed of more than ordinary beauty. The impressible young bachelor, was smitten with her beauty, but the inexorable laws of society governing the little Rhenish province in which he lived held over him a terror of proscription which prevented him from doing that which his heart prompted. He loved Catherine Bengels and his love was returned, but he married Amelia E. Goll, who brought to him a proud name and an extensive dower. But for the crime which Schurman had committed against his nature he was amply punished.

His married life was unhappy, while his love for the lowly Cathari Beneasnw became more intense, now that it gels impossible for them to be legally united. They met clandestinely, and the intercourse coming to the knowledge of the unhappy wife, she became depressed beyond measure, upbraided her husband with his perfidy, and threatened divorce. This rendered the husband desperate, and, openly avowing his attachment, took Catherine Bengels into his domicile. Becoming discontented with this condition of things, Schurman decided upon emigrating to America, and came to this country. He returned in 1849, and gathering together what property he could, departed in 1850 for the United States, in company with Catharine Bengels. Before his departure, his wife instituted suit for divorce.

On the arrival of Schurman in America he proceeded to Louisville, where he took up his residence, and sued for a divorce from his wife Amelia, which was granted when he immediately married the woman who had eloped with him.

Gustavus Schurman purchased real estate in Indianapolis and Louisville, and by his tact and business management increased his wealth to over a million of dollars. At the time of his death he had seven children, two by his first wife and five by his second wife. In making his will he left his Prussian property to his two German heirs and his American property to his American heirs

The first wife Amelia, learning of the death of her husband, obtained possession by legal process of the Prussian estate, and sued for her share, as per marriage contract, of the descendants' estate in America. Her son, Gustavus F. Schurman, represented her with power of attorney, and the ablest lawyers in the city were employed to prosecute the case. The pleadings were voluminous and as a vast amount of property was involved, great interest was manifested in the result. It apeared, however, that as the case progressed the plaintiff weakened somewhat in enforcing her claims. Being in a foreign country, and copies of proceedings in foreign courts being frequently rendered necessary as testimony in the American courts, she became wearied and finally agreed to a compromise, in lieu of all claims, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

The Old Soldier.

The players are seated in a circle; one walks round holding a pen, pencil or anything he pleases to use, representing an old soldier.

He holds it up and says, "What will you give this poor old soldier?"

The person asked must not use the words, white, black, yes or no, in her answer. If she does she must pay a forfeit. We will give an example:

Frank holds up his "old soldier" and asks Susie, "What will you give this old soldier?"

Susie replies, "A watch."

"Please don't give that; my soldier needs a coat."

"I could not give him that." (She avoids "no.")

"What will you give him then; a hat?"

"I think I will."

As only three questions can be asked each player, Frank passes on to Louisa, having failed to make Susan pay a forfeit.

"Louisa, what will you give my soldier?"

"A pair of mittens."

"What color shall they be?"

"Gray."

"Gray mittens! O, do give him black ones."

"No, I cannot."

"A forfeit, Louisa, please, you said 'no.'"

Thus the game goes round the circle.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Olive Logan, in her new lecture on "Successful People," was, when she spoke in Philadelphia, somewhat "personal" in reference to a rising newspaper man of that city. "You have," said she, "in Philadelphia a man who is the living embodiment of some of the principles of my lecture. At eighteen he had a fixed purpose in life, occupying an obscure position in a newspaper office, without influence of any account. He said, 'I will one day own this establishment.' It was regarded as an idle boast; but he had energy and persistence, and to-day he does own and control it. If I would hold up one of many successful men as an example to the youth of this city, I would mention one whom you all know and honor—George W. Childs, of the *Ledger*. Success may not bring happiness, but the day will come when judgement will sit upon our actions, and he who has achieved it worthily shall receive the grandest crown from the King of Kings."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

In his report as Secretary of the Wisconsin State Society, Dr. J. W. Hoyt gives expression to some very sensible views on the importance of regarding special conditions in agriculture. That a man living a thousand miles from any sufficient market, and with no means of transportation but wagons drawn by ox teams, should devote his energies to the raising of potatoes or turnips; that a farmer having elevated lands and dry pastures, only fit for sheep breeding, should devote himself wholly to the breeding and rearing of short horn cattle; or that a man located within 20 miles of New York or Philadelphia, and upon lands admirably adopted to the production of vegetables and small fruit, should sow every square yard of it to wheat and rye; this should strike any thinking and intelligent person as the height of absurdity. And yet blunders equally senseless are made by not a few farmers, and are persevered in from year to year. Again, one would suppose that when an intelligent farmer saw all his neighbors and everybody else's neighbors turning exclusive attention to pork raising, that it would be a good time for him to raise corn, meanwhile omitting nothing essential to steady and uniform success. But observation proves that such men are rare, and the result is that very soon everybody has more hogs than his own crops will supply, and corn has gone up quite beyond reach for profitable feeding. Dr. Hoyt says he once knew a farmer in Ohio who started out under the guidance of the rule always to do just what his neighbors pretty generally did not do. He was not far from being a philosopher. The neighbors are still plodding and grumbling. The philosopher has added farm to farm, owns his thousands in bank stock, and finds no difficulty in keeping his temper. Another farmer has flourished nearly as well in the practice of doing what his neighbors did, but doing it first. He was the leader of fashion in agriculture, and was always ready to discard the model he had given about the time the majority adopted it. During the late low prices of wool, when so many sheep-men became disgusted, and either slaughtered their flocks or sold them out of the State at a sacrifice, one large wool-grower persevered, and when the dejected wool-growing interest began to look up a little he was ready to take advantage of the rise, while others were buying back new flocks at a second sacrifice.

The Valley of Chamounix.

Our ride of thirty miles was nearly ended, writes a correspondent, and we were entering the Valley of Chamounix. We were greeted here by the tinkling of bells around the necks of the cattle. We had heard that music for some time, but now there was a pastoral melody upon all sides.

It is said that the finest herds are provided with a harmonious set of bells, which produce a tune as the cattle walk home at milking-time, resembling the air of the national Swiss anthem, and that this tune so powerfully excites the feelings of the Swiss heart in a strange land that it is forbidden, upon pain of death, to be played in the Swiss regiments serving France, so many desertions have followed the awakening of home longings in the hearts of those who have heard it.

We entered Chamounix tired but very happy. The fatigues of mule-riding would have been noticed sooner but that our thoughts were diverted by the continuous panorama we were passing. The proprietor of the Hotel d'Angleterre met us most pleasantly, and we were taken at once to our rooms, and soon after met again at the table d'hote.

The gay appearance of the dining-hall would make you sooner think you were in some fashionable circle in London or Paris than at the foot of Mont Blanc, in a valley where man had not yet brought the iron horse or electric spark.

The sight of laces and diamonds, drawing-room airs and all the paraphernalia of the city took of the keeness of Alpine ramblings. After dinner we walked upon the terrace to look over the glaciers and snow-fields of Mont Blanc.

One could hardly help recalling his idea of the appearance of Mt. Sinai, as it was filled with the glory of God, for the setting sun had glorified everything. The labor of the journey was forgotten in the excitement of our emotions, and we could but wonder with David in the midst of all about us, what was man that God should be so mindful of him.

It seemed as if the sun were loth to part with the world, and had allowed his colors to rest most lovingly upon the snows that capped the summits, which, changing from gold to rose color, made one vast illumination of beauty; and when night cast a vail over the whole, we lingered none the less entranced, remembering what had been there, and with something, perhaps, of the feeling we have when we must hide from our eyes what has given us a sweet joy upon earth. After planning to ascend the Montanvert to cross the Mer de Glace, the following day, we bade each other good night.

A NEW INVENTION.—Necessity is the mother of invention, and the horse necessity caused a fearful strain on the inventive powers of the ingenious population of the United States. It is now announced that a new engine for propelling street-cars has been invented, so compact as to occupy no more space than an ordinary base-burning parlor stove, and which does not intrude upon passenger room. By the peculiar arrangement of the various parts economy of fuel is accomplished, the smoke itself is consumed, and there is no soot, cinders or noise. The engine has the power of five horses, and the cars, which are of the usual dimensions, can be controlled, as to stoppage and propulsion, quite as handily as though drawn by horses. The power can be increased at pleasure up to capacity of a twenty-five horse power engine, thus enabling it to ascend grades of four hundred feet to the mile. The engineer can "slow up" in the space of thirty-two feet when the cars are going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The engine is placed upon the rear platform, so that the windows can be left open in pleasant weather, without the annoyance of smoke or cinders, as there is none of either, while any dust that might be raised is left behind, thus conferring a vast amount of pleasure and comfort upon the passenger. The tests made thus far have been most satisfactory.

EATING THE BANANA.—A correspondent says: There is a way we have of eating bananas in the East which is worth knowing, thus—take a soup plate, strip half a dozen bananas, and with a silver fork mash them up, adding sufficient sherry and sugar to make the whole of about the consistency of a thick soup. When so treated there is a flavor which may almost vie with that of the most delicious fruit in the world—the Mangosteen. There is a great difference in bananas abroad; the best I remember eating were at Singapore. They were also particularly good at the Cape de Verd Isles; In china and Japan not so good, the slightest pink always preferred

The Duke of Bedford has given Mr. Boehm an order for a statue of John Bunyan, to be presented to the town in whose jail the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written during its author's thirteen years imprisonment.

A Mammoth Ship.

That the Devastation the new English ship of war, is a success, so far as she has been tried, is now admitted. The ponderous monster which squats upon the astonished waters with a dead weight of 10,000 tons, takes any ordinary waves with stolid indifference, whether she receives them end-on, or upon bow, beam or quarter. The prodigious hill of foam which her stem piles up when under way, washes, as was expected, clean over her forward deck, and she is often submerged aft; but her massive midsection rides quietly enough, and those on board her when anchored in the rolling tide way at Spithead, say that she was "steadier than the houses ashore." She turns with great readiness and in a small circle, and her speed, as proved in six trials along the measured mile, is not only equal to the promise of her designers, but it exceeds expectation. The mighty engines driving this island of iron with an indicated power of 6,500 horses, with seventy-seven revolutions per minute, got fifteen knots and a half out of the ship, and her mean rate at full steam is thirteen knots and three-quarters. Here, therefore is a craft which is vulnerable only to a very few guns, has the swiftness of a mail packet, and the handiness—thanks to her twin screws—of a tug, while she could utilize these qualities to hurl upon the sides of an opponent the awful force of all her ten thousand tons moving with the velocity of a spear. On board this remarkable man-of-war there are no less than thirty-four distinct and separate engines, and, indeed, the value which she represents is as serious as her fighting capacity What remains to be learned is the behavior of the ugly giant in a real Biscay gale; and whether or no the *cul de-sac* which she carries aft will or will not, prove a mistake in a heavy following sea. With stability assured to 55°, with no top gear to set her over, and with decks which can be hermetically sealed, she would be safe enough; but whenever she does roll, or pitch, or scud, the rivets and fittings in her huge body will be shrewdly tried. Except the Russian monitor Peter the Great, nothing floating could resist or even challenge such a vessel at once so strong and swift. The torpedo, no doubt, may yet be so developed as to make the Devastation, and all her terrible sisters impotent against a defended coast. On the high seas at present she has no superior.

The Marriage Ceremony.

I have seen very many cases of the supposed *can't-afford-to-marry* disease, and examined many, and always found the symptoms to prove another complaint altogether. The diagnosis had been utterly false. It was a *don't-want-to-marry* trouble that was afflicting the patient. This was the story: Formosa had dwelt in marble halls, and clothed herself in acres of purple and fine linen. Marriage with her means twenty thousand a year. So I look at my two thousand, and *can't-afford-to-marry*. Or the story was this: Pulchra *wishes* to dwell in marble halls, and clothe herself in acres of purple and fine linen. Marriage with *her*, therefore, means twenty thousand a year. So I look at my two thousand, and *can't afford to marry*. Formulawise and truth-wise it is this: "Foolish girls wish to live idle, pampered and fashionable lives, and foolish young men are seeking after foolish girls." In such a complication, marriage loses its meaning, and it is very natural for a young man to say, "I can't afford to marry." The truth is, he cannot afford to marry after the style aforesaid, and he does not wish to marry in a sensible style, to which his two thousand would say Amen.—But there are other than foolish girls in the world. There are girls, modest men, industrious habits, and unselfish hearts. You are not apt to find them in the highways or in conspicuous places. They make the best wives in the world, while the Saratoga thing makes the worst. Look for them at home, not in *society*—that fizzing, bubbling caldron, where pride, vanity and vapidity, seasoned with vice, sputter into assimilation. Find them helping in nursery, pantry, or kitchen; not sauntering with brazen stare on a frequented promenade, or dawdling among French novels in the boudoir.—*Howard Crosby.*

The Great National Observatory.

Of the great national observatory, a Nevada paper says: "We understand that Professor Davidson has determined upon Pollard's Peak, Summit Station, as the proper place for the national observatory. his peak is located less than a mile from Summit Station, which is seven thousand and forty-eight feet above the sea-level, and the highest point of the Central Pacific Railroad. Castle Peak, seven miles from the summit, was examined by Professor Davidson with the view of making it the place for the observatory, but the atmosphere from the peak was found to be too hazy, and the mountain itself too difficult of access to make it a desirable place for astronomical, barometrical, and atmospherical observations. Castle Peak has the advantage in altitude, as it is nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four feet above sea-level, or one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four feet higher than Pollard's Peak. The latter, however, is easily accessible, being less than half a mile from the railroad, and the atmosphere from its summit is remarkably clear, and for this latter reason it has been selected by Professor Davidson. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars has been made by Congress for the erection of the necessary buildings, purchase of telescopes, and other necessary instruments. The telescope to be used will be second in size to none in the United States. Once established, the observatory will be a permanent fixture, and will receive an annual appropriation from Congress of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars."

BE ECONOMICAL.—"Take care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and beard, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

It is said that the Mikado of Japan is going to England to look for a wife. The young emperor is tall for an Asiatic, about five feet ten inches high, of dignified bearing, slightly built, of darker complexion than the majority of higher-class Japanese, with a thin, composed face, somewhat Mongolian in cast, full lips, and dark eyes.

What Keeps Men Poor.

"Fate is against me. I never could succeed in anything. I am doomed to poverty. Here I am near the meridian of life, a large family upon my hands, sons and daughters just at that age when they become particularly expensive, and need much money spent upon them to fit them for the positions I wish them to occupy; but I have not got it to spend unless I involve myself deeper in difficulties which have always encompassed me. What is the reason I am poor?"

Such are the complaints of hundreds of men in our midst who are struggling as they struggled all their lives to maintain a style of living they fancy necessary for the happiness of themselves and families. The main points is to make others believe they are possessed of greater wealth than they really are—as to be thought poor would destroy all the comforts of real wealth, did they possess them. Hence they labor and plan to deceive their neighbors even as they are deceiving themselves. This is an infatuation which leads such men down a life of poverty as well of intense misery.

With out limited or small incomes they will spend money lavishly before the public in the dress and ornaments of their families and in their houses, followed by an equal parsimoniousness towards themselves and their business conveniences in private. Spending more than they receive, they are constantly in debt, and to maintain their credit among their friends and debtors, occupies much of their time, and monopolizes the best energies of their minds, and their capacity for making money is correspondingly weakened, and what is clearly the road to fortune is overlooked in the search for a path out of the entanglements of their vicuntary position.

The habit of spending money twice over, viz.: once in anticipation of its receipt and again when it is received, is the cause of most of the poverty in the world among the intelligent classes—as no one can practice it without becoming involved pecuniarily, and if persisted in it will entail life-long poverty.

But let such a man stop where he is, forget the Mrs. Grundys and their gossip, strike out for himself a new path, never use a dime unless it is in his pocket, and only nine cents of it then; saving the other and putting it on interest. Let him learn that his children can enjoy themselves fully as well and fit themselves for life much better without the many fashionable pleasures, so common, so expensive, and so useless; let him, in fact, live independently and free from debt, and my word for it, his complaints of Fate will cease. Accumulation, though slow at first, will soon assert itself; and the feeling of embarrassment and constant an

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FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with ethcash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

The President of the constitutional convention, Mr. Meredith, we are pleased to see, has constituted the committees with a degree of fairness that may not suit some crazy partisans in the radical ranks. He has not ignored the democrats in the convention, and seems to be conscious that there are over 300,000 democratic voters in this state, who are entittled to some consideration. A. G. Curtin has been appointed as chairman of the committe on the Executive Department. Public and Municipal Debt, C. R. Buckalew. Private Corporations, Geo. W. Woodward. Declaration of Rights, Wm. Hopkins. Constitutional sanctions, J. S. Black, —all democrats.

Mr. M'Allister is chairman of the committee on Suffrage, Election and Representation, also a good selection as we would sooner entrust the affairs of that important committe into the hands of Mr. M'Allister, than any other republican we know of in that body —he will discharge his duties free from partisan bias.

Seargeant Bates, an American, is just now making a fool of himself by a tramp, on foot, through England, bearing the American flag, having entered into a bet with some one that he could perform such a feat without being molested. We have no doubt he can, unless in his walk he comes across a son of John Bull, who is as big a fool as himself and who may wish to kick his backside. But whether Bates escape a kicking or not, will not settle the question that England is not a tolerably free country, and if he should be greetted with rotten "hegs" and at some points be denied a bite of "am," or have an application of sole leather administered to his seat, it would only be accounted for on the score that John Bull became enraged more at the fool than at the flag he carried.

Gen. Grant has lately done two things for which many radicals, who lately supported him, will curse him, and are already doing it, while the democrats give him credit. These are the appointment of Fairman, as post master of Philadelphia, instead of Truman, who belongs to the ring and whom Cameron insisted on having appointed, but got snubbed; the other is the promotion of that gallant soldier, Gen. Handcock, to the position made vacant by the death of Gen. Meade.

President Grant had been treating Gen. Hancock very, very meanly all along, and banished him to the remotest and most isolated frontiers out of sheer spite, and contrary to the rules and usages which apply to a soldier of Gen. Hancock's rank. Gen. Hancock submitted to all this shabby treatment without a murmer. It is one of the little and discreditable things in the life of Gen. Grant which he now would gladly wipe out, and while the entire democratic press, and other right thinking men sensured President Grant for his mean treatment of Gen. Hancock, they give him credit for doing him what is simple justice now, and what was meanly denied him during the last four years. We give credit where credit is due, and should President Grant lift him self above the past littleness of his nature, and keep snubbing the Camerons, and that class of thieving radicals, we shall praise him for it. Let's see how long he holds out in this course.

Death of Horace Greeley.

We are pained to chronicle the death of Horace Greeley, which occurred on last Friday evening. His death is a loss to the nation, and at the present stage of American politics, his death is to be regretted by every American citizen. The nation has sustained a loss—he occupied a position, as editor-in-chief of one of the most influential journals in the country, which gave him an influence and an opportunity for good, that few others, if any, can be found to fill, at present. Mr. Greeley may have had —did have—his faults; of these it does not now behoove us to speak; but he had his good qualities and enough of them, to entitle him to the respect of all. He was honest, he was sincere, and he was fearless in the advocacy of what he thought was right. Nothing else can be said of Horace Greeley, scan his life as you may covering the last thirty years, and this is what can be said of too few of our great men, who are time-servers and in whom selfishness and the desire to gain place and wealth is the controlling motive, and without any regard as to the means by which they obtain these. In the present hour, when the government in its every branch is reeking with corruption, and when the constitution and law are violated with the greatest possible nonconcern, we believe that the nation sustains a loss in the death of Mr. Greeley, for he was enlisted in opposition to these abuses, and was dealing corruption and mal-admistration the hardest blows they received, and his paper became a terror to the evil-doers of the radical party, of which he had been the formost champion, but which he did not hesitate to lash with a whip of scorpions when it so notoriously forsook the path of duty. This Mr. Greeley has been engaged in for several years, and all honest men regret that his life was not spared, that he might continue in the good work of seeking to purify the government and bring it back to the good old standard of hon-esty which once was its characteristic. All accord to Mr. Greeley honestyof purpose, although many, and the democrats particularly, may have differed with him and thought him erratic upon a certain great issue. He believed he was right—we democrats believed he was wrong. That issue has passed—it was decided in favor of Mr. Greeley—let it be dead with him. But in the present, and as far as regards the future of the government, he was right, he was democratic, and he had the honesty, the manliness and courage to say that the radical party, the party of his own making, was wrong, and he was among the boldest and most powerful opponents of that wrong, and his stand did much to check abuses, and had he lived to continue in the battle for the right, its triumph would have been hastened.

Mr. Greeley was a generous hearted man; he was possessed of the noblest social qualities; he was strictly temperate in all his habits. Of his ability as a thinker and a writer, we need say nothing, his powers in these respects are known. As a speaker he never was rated high, until the last campaign—for want of opportunity or because he never strove to show his powers in that line—but the speeches he made during the last presidential campaign proved that in this respect he was a truly remarkable man also. His speeches were all so clearly to the point; so full of meaning and good sound sense that none of his most bitter opponents could pick a flaw in them, a tribute which cannot be paid to the addresses of any other presidential candidate who undertook to address the public at the time of his candidacy.

But, as the life of Horace Greeley is so familiar to all, we will not go to further length in this article. *Horace Greeley* is dead—the nation sustains a deep loss—Peace to his ashes.

Harry White the Blatherskite.

The Pennsylvania Senate for quite a number of years has been pestered with a member, called General Harry White, of Indiana county, the same chap, who, during the war, was south, not to fight but to look, and was captured by the rebs and held at Richmond. He is the greatest success as a paper general we know of—he never fought any, and we are doubly sure he never died a bit for his country, or for any body—yet he is *General* Harry White, and stands prominent among all the dunghill roosters about the capitol at Harrisburg. He is a great talker, likes to hear himself talk and imagins every-body else has the same liking, in which he is greatly mistaken—for he is a disagreable talker, and as an imitation of the braying of an ass, his speeches are a perfect success. He can draw just as long, broad and disagreeable as that animal, only the ass has the advantage of him by knowing when to keep quiet. In the senate, he pokes his gab into every thing, and this propensity for gab has made him disagreeable to all his fellow members, for his delivery is disagreeable, and his talk has nothing in it—he is a perfect walking definition of the word "Blatherskite." Yet general Harry White stands at the head of the capital roosters, and he may yet be governor—stranger things have happened.

This Harry Blatherskite White, is a member of the constitutional convention, to the disgust of every decent member of that body. True to his nature, he brays into every thing that comes up, and will, as he does in the senate, monopolize more pages upon the record than any other three "talky" members in it.

It is a pity there is not a provision somewhere to make the sapheaded blatherskite subside, so that the convention could get along without the annoyance. He is the noisiest empty tin-can that ever turned up, and tied to a dog's tail, the dog's death would be certain from fright. We hope general Harry White, will let the convention go on without inflicting his disagreeable talk continually upon that body upon every subject, to the annoyance and disgust of the rest of the members—none of whom is fond of hearing him.

The Proposed Official Oath.

A few weeks previous to the meeting of the constitutional convention, we favored, in these columns, a clause in the constitution by which all members of the legislature should be required on taking the oath, to swear, that they will accept no bribe directly or indirectly, for any vote or action taken by them as such. We see that one of the members of that body has introduced a resolution to that effect of which a Harrisburg paper says:

The new oath for civil officers, proposed to be incorporated in the amended Constitution, if adopted, would revolutionize the usages and practices of political parties, and is the first recognition in the reform convention, that there are fraud and corruption in politics. The oath compels the man who qualifies on going into a civil office, to swear or affirm that he paid no one to secure him such an office; that he gave no bribes of any kind to secure his nomination, and that he is under no promise to any man or men, to shape his official course to meet their individual interests—in short the oath is to prevent candidates for office to resort to any foul means to secure such places. We repeat, if the oath is enforced, the occupation of the professional politician is gone, or perjury become as common as pea-nuts.

—Horace Greeley was 62 years of age. His funeral took place on Wednesday 4th.

The President's Message.

Congress met on Monday. President Grant's Message is long and dry. Contains nothing new, and it is mostly a summary of the reports of the heads of the different departments. The Pittsburg *Post's* article upon it, embraces a fair idea of the document:

The document starts out in the usual way of thankfulness to the Giver of all Good, refers to the Boston and Chicago fires, notes how the people are rallying under their misfortunes and how free we have been from war pestilence and other calamities. The happy termination of our troubles with Great Britain is referred to in which a high compliment is paid to Charles Francis Adams. The question between this country and Great Britain in regard to the fisheries has been disposed of and legislation to carry out the provisions of the treaty are asked for. The boundary line with the British possessions receives a passing notice, and an invitation is asked for the International Congress to hold its next session in the United States. The Vienna exposition receives considerable attention, as it deserves, and money and two naval vessels to transport articles, so as the United States will be properly represented is desired. Our affairs with Mexico, Spain, and other foreign powers are alluded to with all of which we are upon the most friendly relations. Provision is urged for distressed seamen in foreign countries, and then come extracts from the reports of the secretaries of the various departments, one of them the most important, the Treasury, and in which Mr. Grant now makes, or Mr. Boutwell has made some very huge blunders in regard to the reduction of the debt.

As there may be some mistake in transmitting the figures over the wires, we defer further comment for the present. The message then refers to river and harbor improvements, and favorable attention is requested to suggestions of the Secretary of War in regard to the appointment of cadets and other matters. Some other questions and suggestions; how they should be met are spoken of, and the abolition of the franking privilege is recommended. Then comes the question of the Government taking posession of the telegraph lines. Grant is in favor of this—in fact it is one of his pet schemes. It gives him considerable more power and some thirty, perhaps fifty thousand additional officers to appoint, all calculated to assist in centralization. Whatever action is taken he says he wants to be fair to the Government and to private parties concerned. He says there is an alarming falling off in our carrying trade, and thinks that an expenditure of $5,000,000 per annum for the next five years would help our merchant marine. Should'nt wonder.

The President informs us that the disbursements through the Departments of Justice have somewhat increased and blames it on the reckless and lawless men of the South. He much regrets the necessity for the Enforcement Act, and hopes the cause for applying it may not be again demanded. Most likely it never will be, provided the people act and vote as Grant tells them.

The Indians receive some attention, Patents and Pensions are mentioned, and Compulsory Education is commented upon and commended to the favorable attention of Congress, which is asked to pass the bill appropriating the net proceeds of lands for educational purposes in the various States. An appropriation to improve the public grounds and buildings in washington is solicited, and the hundredth anniversary of American Independence favorably alluded to.

The message closes with reference to Civil Service Reform in which the President confesses that Federal offices have been regarded too much as the reward of political services, and promises to apply the rules as he understands them, but we hardly infer from this that he will appoint any Democrats.

It is needless to say that the document falls far behind what the country had a right to expect. It has no comfort for the South, neither for the colored population who so recently appealed to the President to say something in favor of civil rights. It my delight some but it will not the masses.

A New Question.

Mr. Greeley's death has raised a new question—one which now arises for the first time:—For whom shall the democratic and liberal electors cast their vote? Some propose Hendricks of Indiana—we would agree to that, no better and more deserving the compliment can be found. Again, suppose Grant should die after the electors cast their vote for him (which was done on last Tuesday) and before he is inaugurated, who would be the next President? The electors could not be called together again, as their duty would have been performed and their office at an end. Some have their doubts, whether in such a contingency the Vice President elect would become the President.

The Salted Jewel Fields.

The Whole Thing Denounced as a Shameless Fraud.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—The Chronicle of to-day exclusively prints a full expose of the diamond swindle, which has just been discovered to be one of the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated on the public. The fields belong to the New York and San Francisco Diamond Company.

They were discovered by J. F. Barry of Salt Lake. The claim, which is about fifty miles from Fort Bridges, in Summit county, Colorado, turns out to have been salted with stones purchased in London six or eight months ago.

Arnold and Slack, the men who located the claim, are said to have made one million out of the swindle. Nearly all the capitalists in San Francisco are out from $20,000 to $100,000 each by the transaction.

The directors held a meeting to-day and acknowledged that they had been duped, but claim that Californians are not to blame.

There is great excitement in this city over the disclosure.

A TRIAL OF 50 YEARS.

The New York *Observer* has passed through the ordeal, and starts out anew on the second fifty years with a larger list of readers and more numerous friends than ever. Such a steady course of prosperity is unexampled, and inspires confidence. We heartily rejoice in the great success of a paper which has always advocated those sound principles that underlie the foundations of society and good government. Orthodox in the truest sense, both in Church and State, its influence is always good. We see its publishers propose to give to every subscriber for 1873 an appropriately embellished *Jubilee Year-Book.*—Those who subscribe will have no cause to regret the step. $3 a year. Sidney E. Moorse & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

The Missouri Democrat thus unkindly exposes Col. Mosby's incentive to loyalty:

"Gen. Mosby, of Virginia, owns a stone quarry, and is reported to be fishing for a contract to furnish headstones for the National cemeteries. Having materially assisted in furnishing the corpses, Mosby now wants to see the graves handsomely decorated."

DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY

HIS ILLNESS AND LAST HOURS

NEW YORK, November 29,—The Tribune furnishes the following account of the illness and last hours of Mr. Greeley: So far as any of his associates knew Mr. Greeley was in almost good health as usual, when one day after the election he wrote a card announcing his resumption of the editorial charge of the Tribune. His sleeplessness was known to become greatly worse, but for years he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty, and as is now clear sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, especially during the last month of his wife's illness, but it soon become evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he had set himself. He wrote only three or four careful articles, one of them half a column in length. The most notable perhaps was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up his views of the canvass. All he wrote was less than three and a half columns.

At last, on Tuesday, the 12th inst., he abandoned the effort to visit the office regularly, and sent for his family Physician.

Effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse, until it became evident that his case was critical, Dr. George P. Choate and others were called in for consultation, and finally it was decided to take him to Dr. Choate's residence, two or three miles distant from Mr. Greeley's own country house, at Chappaqua. Here he received unremitting attention from Dr. Choate, Dr. Brown, and Dr. Seguard. Dr. Brown and others were called in for consultation. The insomnia had developed into inflamation of the brain, and under this the venerated patient rapidly sank. At times he was delerious; at other times as clear-headed as ever. He lost flesh and strength with startling rapidity, and in a few days his speedy death forced itself into unwilling recognition. It was not, however, until Thursday that his associates and family brought themselves to admit it; even then they still clung to his faith in the vigor of his consitution.

On Wednesday night he failed very rapidly. Thursday morning and evening he was deemed somewhat easier, during the night he slept very uneasy, muttering occasionally and frequently raising his right hand. Towards morning he was more quiet, and between eight and nine o'clock fell into a nearly unconscious condition, which continued with some intervals through the day. He made an occasional exclamation, but many of them in consequence of his extreme weakness and apparent inability to finish what he begun were unintelligible. About noon, however, he said quite distinctly, and with some force, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." During the day he recognized various people, his daughter many times, the members of his household at Chappaqua, Mr. Jno. R. Stuart, and Mr. Reid. On the whole he suffered little, and seemed to have no more than ordinary restlessness which accompanies the last stage of disease. About half-past three he said distinctly, "It Is Done." And beyond briefest answers to questions this was his last utterance. His youngest daughter, Miss Gabrielle, was with him through Thursday evening. Throughout Friday the elder daughter, Miss Ida, was in constant attendance as she had been during the whole of his illness and of Mrs. Greeley's before him.

At ten minutes before seven o'clock the watchers drew back in reverent stillness from the bedside. The great editor was gone in peace after so many struggles in honor after so much oblo-quy.

The German Minister in Washington has received information to the effect that owing to the disturbed and threatening condition of France and to prevent the hegira of arms-bearing men from Germany, strict orders have been given to the owners of all vessels leaving German ports to immediately raise their rates of charges to emigrants to all foreign ports.

M. Thiers will attend the session of the Assembly to-day, when the report of the majority will come up for consideration. The excitement of the last few days has greatly subsided and all is quiet in Paris and the provinces.

Nine bodies have been recovered from the ruins of Boston fire, and five of them identified.

NEW YORK, November 22.—The American Free Religious Association, which opened its session in Philadelphia on Tuesday, resumed its sittings in Brooklyn yesterday. The Association has no creed to limit fellowship, but is established on the principles of truth-seeking—a new truth found—and includes spiritualists and Jews as well as Christians. Among the officers are Rev. O. B. Frothingham, R. Waldo Emerson, Gerritt Smith, E. B. Ward, of Michigan; F. S. Pott, of California, and Rabbi Wise, of Ohio.

Mr. Greeley's Health.

Some of the more malicious radical papers have asserted that Mr. Greeley had become insane. The Tribune of 28th, ult., puts the story to rest, as follows:

(From The Tribune.)

To relieve the anxiety of Mr. Greeley's many friends, who have been disturbed by untrue reports that he is an applicant for admission to Bloomingdale, or some other Asylum, and by other wild inventions, it is proper to repeat what The Tribune said, a week or more ago. He still suffers from nervous prostration, arising from almost total loss of sleep for a month or more, during and since his wife's illness. This finally affected the nerves of the stomach, and its rejection of food still further weakened the system. What he needs is a return of appetite and sleep, restoring tone to the system; and in both these particulars there has been an improvement this week.

For Whom Shall the Liberal Democratic Electors Cast Their Vote?

Baltimore, Dec. 1.—Since the death of Mr. Greeley a number of telegrams have been received in this city inquiring how the electoral college of this state will cast its vote for President, and suggesting unanimity in the vote by the electors in the states electing the Democratic and Liberal tickets. The Maryland electors will have a meeting to-morrow night and decide. The importance attached to the vote to be cast on Wednesday seems to be the bearing it may have on a nomination four years hence. Gov. Hendrick's name is proposed in all the telegrams received here.

—ST. LOUIS, November 28.—Garrett Miller's barn, near Mattoon, Ill., with its contents, including fifty horses, was burned last night. The loss is $50,000, with no insurance.

Nitro-Glycerine Again.

FOUR BOYS DROPPING STONES UPON FIVE CANS.

On 25th, at noon, five hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine exploded near the line of the New York and Boston Railroad, in Yonkers, killing Geo. Hill, Michael Gallagher, and mortally wounding John Donnolly, and seriously injuring Wm. Terry. Blasting has been going on in that vicinity of late, and as a great amount of this work is necessary, nitro-glycerine has been deposited at different points for use when wanted. Hill, Gallagher, Donnolly, and Terry while out gunning found five cans containing one hundred pounds each. A pit about four feet deep had been dug, and the cans placed in the excavation. A strong fence had been built around it, and on all sides were placards, bearing the words "Danger," "Beware," "Nitro-glycerine."

HAVING SOME FUN.

The boys walked around the fence commenting upon the improbability of danger from such harmless looking cans, and Hill proposed that as it was Evacuation Day they should create some fun by smashing the cans. The others readily consented, and all four clambered to the top of a large rock about fifty feet above the glycerine, and rolling a stone weighing about fifty pounds to the edge of the rock, Hill and Gallagher proposed to tumble it into the pit. Terry said the darned thing might strike fire and blow the stuff up. Hill, laughingly, said, "let her blow; we'll have some fun anyway." Terry seized Donnolly by the arm, and running away about two hundred feet, they hid behind a large tree, at the same time jeersd by Hill and Gallagher. Hill then rolled the stone down. It struck the cans, and the explosion which followed was heard and felt for ten miles around. Trees, stones, and great chunks of earth were hurled in every direction. The rock where Hill and Gallagher stood, weighing hundreds of tons, was blown into fragments. The ground was torn up hundreds of feet around. A first-class earthquake could not have created greater havoc. Every pane of glass in houses for miles around was shattered, and the inmates were terrified. The explosion was heard in White Plains, Tarrytown, Tremont, Washington Heights, and even over in New Jersey.

BODIES BLOWN TO ATOMS.

Workmen from the railroad hurried to the scene, well knowing what had happened. They found Terry and Donnolly with their clothing stripped from their bodies, lying about two hundred feet from the scene of the explosion, groaning in agony. Donnolly's body was badly lacerated. His legs and one arm were broken, his body was black and blue, and one eye was gone. He was mortally wounded. Terry was the least hurt and will probably recover. *He* is the only one left to give an account of the afternoon.

When the smoke had cleared away search was made for Hill and Gallagher. Hill's body was blown to atoms. His entrails were suspended from the limbs of a tree hundred feet away. Other parts of the body were scattered for hundreds of feet around. Only a small part of his remains, however, had been found last night. Gallagher's body was blown into so many particles as Hill's. His legs were found severed from the body, which was stripped perfectly nude. Even his boots had been torn to atoms and scattered among the debris. The body, minus the arms and head, lay about fity feet from the legs. The scalp and face, without the skull, were found in another place. The arms were shattered, and only portions were found. The skull is still missing.

—CINCINNATI, O., November, 27—The chickens in Hamilton county, in the vicinity of the places where the horse disease existed, are dying rapidly. The hogs are also said to be diseased. One man reports the loss of fifty from the disease, which he attributes to the rooting about the stables containing sick horses.

A SPECK OF WAR.

NEW YORK, November 29.—The German Minister at Washington is reported to have said that he regarded as possible war between Germany and France, and that he had official advices that his government apprehended trouble.

—The 800 snow bound railroaders, in Minnesota, have been reached.

THE GREAT WEEKLY.

THE HARRISBURG PATRIOT.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT GRATIS!

To every new subscriber to the Patriot for the year 1873, whose name, accompanied by two dollars, is received after this date and prior to January next, we will send the paper for the remainder of 1872, gratis.

The favorite weekly, The Harrisburg Patriot, is now a Mammoth Folio, and contains more Reading Matter than any other paper published in Pennsylvania.

It furnishes all the political and general news of the current week in condensed form.

It gives an accurate report of the Markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg and Harrisburg.

Its Literary department contains Tales, Essays, Poetry, etc., by the best American and European writers.

It will give full and accurate reports of Legislative proceedings and of the doings of the Constitutional Convention. During the session of these bodies it will be of peculiar interest to every Pennsylvanian. It will also give a complete resume of the proceedings of Congress.

The political aim of the Patriot will continue to be the elevation of the Laboring classes, the protection of the people against the encroachments of Rings and Monopolies Electoral Reform, the establishment of a sound system of finance, the re-enfranchisement of disfranchised American citizens, and last but not least, the restoration of Local Self Government.

The following rates, unexampled in cheapness, have been fixed for subscription to the

WEEKLY PATRIOT:

One Copy, one year	$2.00
One Copy, six months	1.25
Four Copies, one year, each	1.75
Ten Copies, one year, each	1.50
Twenty Copies, one year, each	1.25
Fifty Copies, and upwards, one year, each	1.00

An extra copy, free is furnished to the Agent sending in clubs of ten or more. A copy of the Daily Patriot will be sent, free, to the Agent sending in clubs of fifty or more. All papers will be separately addressed, but must go to one post office. (See directions below.)

THE DAILY PATRIOT,

Published every morning, Sundays excepted, is a first class newspaper, containing full telegraphic reports, Washington dispatches, the most complete and accurate market reports, full accounts of proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, Congress and Legislature, spicy editorials, etc.

One Copy, one year, by mail, $7; Five Copies do., $32; Ten Copies do., $60.

Larger Clubs at the last named rates. Papers may be separately addressed, but must be taken in one package. The money must accompany the order to insure attention.

DIRECTIONS.—Additions to clubs may be made at any time in the year at the above club rates. Changes in club Lists made only on request of persons receiving packages, stating date of subscription, edition, post office and State, to which it has been previously sent.

TERMS.—Cash in advance. Send Post Office Money Order, Bank Draft or Registered letter. Bills sent by Mail will be at the risk of the sender.

Send for prospectus and specimen copy. Address

"THE PATRIOT."

Letters From India.

CENTRE HALL ABROAD.

LETTER NO. IX.

(Correspondence of the Centre Reporter.)

It was our original intention to sail directly from Marseilles to Alexandria, in Egypt, but through the mis-direction of the blundering agent at London, we arrived at Marseilles "a day too late" for the Alexandria steamer. A steamer, however, was just starting out, whose ultimate destination was the same, but which would go by the way of Asia Minor and the Levant. Not relishing the idea of remaining another week to feed the hungry musquitoes of Marseilles, we pitched our traps on board and secured a passage on the French ship "Ebre" of the Messageries Maritimes. We found her commodious and comfortable, with a jolly lot of Englishmen on board. One party was going down the Mediterranean to Brindisi, on a sort of pleasure excursion, thence to return across the continent to England. Another party hollow eyed and sunken-cheeked was going to search for health in the salubrious atmosphere of Sicily. A noble French Catholic lady was going to join her husband, as a nurse, in the leper hospitals of Smyrna.

The view of Marseilles and the surrounding country, on leaving the harbor, is magnificent. The mountain scenery along the southern coast of France is grand beyond description. Gigantic mountains of solid granite rear their heads until they seem to pierce the very skies, and not a single plant, or bush, relieves their utterly barren sides. A bird could not find a single blade of grass on all their massive surface. Here and there a gigantic peak towers aloft in solitary grandeur like some lone sentinel, guarding the lifeless waste around. I sat upon deck, hour after hour, gazing upon the sublime scene and thinking of the vast eternities that rolled away whilst those awful masses were accumulating particle by particle.

The western traveller here gets his first introduction to eastern mountain scenery. It is a grand one. No mountain scenery in the Orient ever impressed me so much, not even Lebanon or Moab.

If the weather is fine and clear, the island of Corsica is passed so closely, that Ajaccio, the birthplace of Bonaparte, can easily be discerned. The island of Sardinia near Caprera, or Girabaldi's Island, where he now lives, at the eastern end of the straits of Bonifacio, has a most singular appearance; it is very high and resembles the form of a huge bronze bear. Leaving this the steamer passes across the Tyrrhenian Sea, in view of the fine scenery of the Calabrian coast, along which Girabaldi marched on his memorable advance to Naples in 1860. It was along here, at Pizzo, that Napoleon's gallant cavalry leader, Marshal Murat, was captured and shot in 1815. It was of him that Bonaparte once said: "always look where the fight is the thickest if you wish to see the white cockade of Murat." Brave man, he deserved a nobler fate than the dog's death he received.

Etna and the Lipari Islands come into view. Smoke is always issuing from the crater of Etna and flames from that of Stromboli. The day was somewhat hazy so that we could not verify the fact. It is said that Stromboli, serves as a natural light house, visible for nearly fifty miles all around.

The third day out we cast anchor at Palermo, in Sicily. The engine had scarcely been reversed until we were beseiged by scores of noisy,, clamoring boatmen, yelling at the top of their voices in a horrible mixture of bad French and worse Italian and striving with each other for the job of taking us on shore. If we had not known beforehand that their intentions were peaceful and saw that they were unarmed, the savage looking beggars might have given rise to visions of cannibalism, or at the very least, of scalping. All manner of things had they for sale—oranges, cabbages, rabbits, pigeons &c. The ever-lasting Jew was among the rest—selling ornaments made out of the lava of Etna, and I discovered that the universal Jewish characteristic of knavery and cunning were not wanting to my Sicilian Israelite. The discovery, however, cost me five francs.

Palermo is said to contain 150,000 inhabitants. It is fair outwardly, but a vile hole within.

The climate of Sicily is most genial. Bold, rugged mountain ranges form the boundary of the island on every side, but I am told that beyond those craggy mountain tops there are delightful valleys abounding in streams of limpia water, bright clear villages, with charming little sequestered nooks that make Sicily a most desirable winter retreat for consumptive invalids from Northern Europe. A dapper little Russian on board, with whom I had made a temporary acquaintance, had spent the previous winter on the island. He was most extravagant in praises of its salubrity and health-giving atmosphere. He urged me with a solicitude that would have been ludicrous if it had not been so earnest, if ever I found my physical stamina abating to at once make head for Sicily. It was all done with such evident good will, too, that I was almost sorry I could not give him the wished for promise.

We remained at Palermo a day, and then raised anchor and stood for Messina on the opposite side of the island. At the Faro of Messina the classic Scylla and Charybdis are passed on opposite sides of the channal between the main land and Sicily. The old story about this passage, like a good many other things in this world, when properly investigated, turns out to be a good deal of a humbug. There is no real whirlpool to make the passage dangerous; though it is said to be troublesome to small craft sometimes. As the time of the earthquake of 1783 when the inhabitants of Scylla were gathered on the beach, for safety from the falling houses, a tremendous wave suddenly rose and swept away 2700 persons.

Cast anchor the next morning after leaving Palermo at Messina. The scene at Palermo the day before was repeated here. The boatmen took us by storm. Just here I will take occasion to remark, that during all the days of my sojourn in the flesh, and in all my intercourse with human kind, I have never seen such a presistent, perserving, utterly irrepressible set of outlaws as these Eastern boatmen. This applies to them all from Southampton and Gibraltar to Calcutta. No sooner does a vessel heave in sight of a port than they are seen bearing down upon you with all the might that is in them. By the time the anchor is thrown out, the ship is literally surrounded. Here they are in their strange looking craft, bumping up against the sides of the vessel, fighting, gesticulating, screeching and yelling like so many mad men, each striving to get his boat nearest the companion ladder, sometrying to climp up the outrigging to the deck and thrashed back with a ropes end by the quartermaster, those below meanwhile deriding them in their defeat—presenting altogether such a scene of tumult and confusion as "beggars description." I have sat upon the quarter deck and laughed at the ludicrous scene until my sides ached. If you wish to go on shore, you select your man, and then fight your way to his boat. Unless you lay around you lustily with your cane or are able to convince them by your looks that you are not a man to be trifled with, the rascals will pull you into the first boat you come to—and that in spite of yourself. To see them at their worst one must go to Jaffa, in Pallestine, or to Madras in Southern India. At those places they resemble nothing so much in appearance and conduct as pirates.

Messina is a place of 100,000 inhabitants. The city and its environs are romantic and picturesque in the extreme. The lofty mountain ranges rising abruptly in the rear, with noble villas and stately castles pegarched here and there on their sides and reached by long nights of tortuous steps winding up from the level below, forms a background of surpassing beauty. Far in the rear Mt. Etna can be seen towering in majestic grandeur, 10,874 feet high in seventy feet in circumference. The summit is a league in circumference, and within formed like a large amphitheatre, from whence issue ashes. It was in eruption on the northeast side only three years ago. The harbor of Messina is one of the finest in the Mediterranean.

The voyage from Messina to Smyrna, in good weather is very fine. The scenery along the southern coast of Italy is most beautiful. Villages and hamlets and castles are perched all along the rocky coast. A noble old road, probably built by those royal roadmakers—the Romans, runs along the coast for miles. As evening set in a violent storm arose. I soon began my old habit of trying to turn myself inside out. How sick I was I may not attempt to tell, and I *will not* attempt to tell. But I will here record my opinion, arrived at after the most mature deliberation, that the man who wrote "A home on the rushing sea," was either a fool, or a most desperately wicked wretch. It makes me mad every time those confounded lines come into my head. I will further say, that the insane blockhead who wanted to be "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," is welcome to take just as much rocking as the pleases, but as for myself I beg to be excused. Not any rocking for me, thank you. Let me but get back to Centre Hall once more and I go to sea no more, though I get no rocking all the days of my life.

It was some consolation, however, on this occasion, that U—and the ships Commissary were as sick as I was.

CENTRE HALL.

Buffalo, Nov. 7.—McCormick & Lynch's canal stables were burned last night. About 50 horses and mules perished.

If you want to buy or sell, advertise in the REPORTER.

For the Reporter.

SLANDER.

(The following is the conclusion of S's communication, which was crowded out last week.)

EDITOR REPORTER:—Centre Hall was a flourishing little town situated at the foot of Nittany mountain in one of the most beautiful and fertile vallies of Penn'a. The Lewisburg Centre and Spruce Creek R. R., passing through the valley 4 a mile south of the town which for a time bid fair to make Centre Hall the great metropolis of Centre county. Unfortunately Centre Hall has met with her reverses and just at present is very much in need of a thorough reconstructing, from the fact that one man is as good as another and a great deal better. Just now wrangling, malice, hatred, and scandal seems to be the order of the day. Charity is a stranger here now; charity thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity and beareth all things. It takes no pleasure in hearing or talking of the fancied or real faults of others; it says, let all bitterness and evil speaking be put away from you with all malice. The most malignant kind of evil speaking is inventing the slander, but there is not much difference between the great devil who makes it and the little imps who circulate it. Says one, I did not bear false witness against so and so, I only told what I had heard. But how did you know it was not false? How seldom they who spread an evil report take any pains to investigate its truth. Be sure before you repeat a charge that it is true. Once uttered you cannot recall it. He to whom you tell it tells others. Before repeating an evil report we should ask does charity prompt me; am I seeking the good of others; but I will just tell my friend, at the same time enjoining secrecy on him. The causes of this evil speaking of others is various—sometimes from envy. The wise and the good are rendered less superior in the eyes of the world when some evil is said of them, then from hatred and revenge. O, what a cowardly method of retaliation! why not stand up face to face with your enemy and tell him of his faults. How hypocritical it is to profess to be your friend to your face and shooting the poisoned arrow of slander at you from behind your back. Sometimes this is done through pride. There is a secret, self-laudation in finding faults with others the scandal monger seems to say, "How much better I am than my neighbor." Some seem to think there is a fixed amount of merit and praise in the world, and so the more they deprive others of it the more they reserve for themselves, and declare how dreadfully they have been shocked to hear such and such things. And say, O I am sorry to have to tell you so and so about so and so. But how often beneath this mask there is rejoicing. There is positive satisfaction, there is an exultation ill concealed at the inconsistencies and disgrace of an enemy or a rival of any one who has stood high in the estimation of others. The evil speaker should bear in mind that whether the person maligned be guilty or innocent the speaker condemns himself as lacking that charity without which he is nothing. How many are ready to take the judge's chair and pronounce sentence, but let me say to all such, stop the trial till you send for the accused and hear what he has to say. As greedy vultures pouncing down upon a putrid carcase, as filty flies buzzing round a stinking dirt heap, all the gossipers who with evident relish utter detraction or listen to it,

"When men combine to hate and treat on ill,
Must he return them good and love them still,
But if his name and character they tear,
And cruel malice too, too plain appear,
And when he sorrow and affliction knows
They try to add unto his cup of woes."

In conclusion let me say to my western friends they have my heartfelt thanks for their kindness shown me while sojourning in their midst. And to all contemplating a visit to the west, that they will never regret it, is my honest conviction. A. S.

REMEDY FOR THE HORSE DISEASE

Charcoal, 2 ounces; elecampane, 2 ounces; nitrate of soda, 1½ ounces; asafoetida in powder, 1½ ounce; Duvoy's horse powder, 1 package; extract of licorice, 3 ounces; Sal amonia, ½ ounce, and honey or molasses, ½ pint.

Mix the powders well and add the honey work it up to a pill mass and make pills twice as long as thick, (of 1 ounce each), give one pill to the horse every hour for the first three hours; then one pill every three hours for the next 12 hours, then one pill every four to six hours thereafter.

FURNITURE!
Grand Opening
FOR 1872.
AT
JOHN CAMP'S
MILROY,

where he has opened with a very large stock of the latest styles, both fancy and common

Parlor, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture.

CHAIRS, of all kinds.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common.

Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business you and everybody else will show smiling faces at my new ware rooms.

JOHN CAMP.

jan12 tf.

New Clothing Store
A. STERNBERG,

engaged to manage for I. L. Reizenstein, in the corner building, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere.

HATS, CAPS

and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.

Gent's Furnishing Goods

all directly from their own manufactory. Also.

Jewelry, Watches, &c.

They have engaged their old clerk, Mr. A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends. ap5tf.

Piece goods of every discription, sold low to enable everybody to have his clothing made to order.

OMAHA LOTTERY.
A NOBLE CHARITY.
To erect the
NEBRASKA STATE ORPHAN ASYLUM,
To be Drawn in Public,
DECEMBER 30th, 1872.
$230,505.00

Tickets $1.00 *Each or Six for* $5.00.

Tickets sent by Express C. O. D., if desired.

1 Grand Cash Prize	$75,000
1 Grand Cash Prize	25,000
1 Grand Cash Prize	15,000
1 Grand Cash Prize	10,000
1 Cash Prize	5,000
1 Cash Prize	4,000
2 Cash Prizes, $3,000 each	6,000
4 Cash Prizes, $2,000 each	8,000
2 Cash Prizes, $1,000 each	2,000
50 Cash Prizes, Each $100	5,000
100 " " " 50	5,000
200 " " " 25	5,000
1000 " " " 10	50,000
3101 " " " 5	15,500
8465 cash prizes amounting to	$230,500

This Legal Enterprise is endorsed by the highest authority of the State and best business men.

Over one-half the tickets taken before Oct. 1st. The limited number on hand will be furnished those who apply first.

Money can be sent by mail, in Registered Letters, Post Office Money Orders, or by Express.

All Prizes will be paid in full. Agents wanted. For

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY DEC., 6, 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—The Republican says a large vein or bed of pipe iron ore, of excellent quality, has recently been discovered on the farm of the Stover brothers, of Oak Hall, Harris twp. The vein is fully five feet thick and of unknown extent, and is reached at a depth of three or four feet.

—All the stables in the valley have been turned into hoss-pitals.

The Williamsport Standard says, the dissection of a horse which died of the prevailing disease in this city a couple of days ago, showed that his lungs were reduced to an unshapen mass of corruption and his windpipe nearly destroyed.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Henry Dinges, a Brakesman on the P. & E. R R., says the Clinton Democrat, was run over Tuesday morning near Irvineton, and died shortly after being injured. The particulars could not be learned, but it is rumored that he was running in front of the train to change a switch slipped and fell, and the engine ran over him. The deceased was about 21 years of age. His father is an Engineer on the Bald Eagle R R., and resides in Lock Haven. The remains are to be brought to his father's residence on the mail train to-night (Wednesday.)

The deceased was a grandson of John Dinges, dec'd, of Penn twp.

CURE FOR THE HORSE DISTEMPER.—The following prescription has been used with great success by a vetrinary surgeon at Erie. It is declared by many to be a sure cure:

2 parts Cayenne Pepper; 2 parts Ginger; 1 part Salaratus. The ingredients should be well mixed. Give a table spoon full, by placing it well back on the tongue, three times a day. Hold the horses head up a few seconds until the mixture gets moist on the tongue. Persons administering this medicine should be careful to stand out of the way of the horse, so that its coughing will not blow pepper into the attendants eyes.

—Books, Stationery, and Fancy articles, a full line at the Model Book Store, opposite the Bush House, Bellefonte. The best stock out-side of Philadelphia.

—A successful operation was performed last week upon one of the eyes of a daughter of David Hoover, of Potter twp., by Dr. Hays, of Bellefonte. We did not learn sufficient of the exact nature of the operation to describe it.

—The house of Geo. Harpster was knocked off, last Friday, at Sheriff's sale to Elias Horner for $2,300, and the shops, on opposite side of street to Wm. Wolf, for $1100 subject to mortgage of $400.

—Mr. Moyer, tenant on Swartze's farm, near Millheim, we are told, lost two horses, from the prevalent disease. Mr. John M'Minn, of Potter twp., also had a horse die from epizooty.

Wash Louberger also lost a horse by the epizooty.

—Mr. Van Ormer, Woodward's capital miller, and genial, whole-souled fellow in general, popped in on us on Monday.

—Go to the Model Book Store of Jas. Welch & Co., opposite Bush house, for Holiday presents. The finest display to be seen there—just the place for purchasing Christmas and New Years Gifts.

—Don't fail to read Rynder's advertisement.

—Goods for the holidays, at Hoffer Bros. Farmers, special inducements offered. They offer bargains which can not be excelled elsewhere. You always get the worth of your money at Hoffer Bros.

—The Aaronsburg hotel kept by Lieut. Limbert, is drawing lots of custom—good grub, nice beds, and fine landlord and lady account for it.

—Millheim has a lawyer—formerly from Snyder county; we have not learned his name

—Poles are distributed and about to be erected for a telegraph line between Lewisburg Junction and Mifflinburg. It will doubtless be ready for the application of zinc and blue vitriol within a couple of weeks.

Peter Bierly, of Miles twp., also lost a horse through the epizooty.

—On the 17th inst, Wellington Baum, of New Berlin, and Wm. Hummel, of Kratzersville, were out gunning, at the latter place. They espied a rabbit, which Mr. Baum was endeavoring to shoot. Upon moving the gun in order to get a sight at it, Mr. Hummel got in range, when the gun was discharged, and the entire contents entered his side. He lingered until Monday noon, when he died. He was aged about 45 years.

—Our townsman, John C. Smith, informs us that a valuable drift of hematite ore has been discovered and opened on the line of the railroad, above Hartleton. The vein is about four feet thick, and the ore very rich. A company of capitalists have leased a tract of 1990 acres for the purpose of getting a fair sweep at the ore. We hope that this company will erect a furnace at or near Lewisburg for the purpose of manufacturing this new source of wealth into iron, and then followed up with a rolling mill. What is there to prevent such a result?—Chronicle.

—Our readers all remember the burning of Mrs. Mitchell's barn some three years ago, on the farm about 3 miles below Centre Hall, which was occupied by Mr John Conly as tenant. The origin of the fire has all along been shrouded in mystery. A few days ago, a person by name of Bechdel, has declared that he was ready to make oath in the matter, charging the incendiarism upon two men, who, he says, wished him to join them in burning said barn, and also, the barn of Mr. Ream, but he refused. Bechdel says that the barn was fired by those men, by means of a piece of punk placed in some dry cow manure, and hid in the haymow at midnight; the flames broke out about 11 a. m., and the entire barn and contents were consumed. We will not mention the names of the parties implicated by Bechdel, until proper investigation is had into the truthfulness of the story. Bechdel says the act was done because these men had a spite at Conly. This declaration was made to Mr. Conly by Bechdel in presence of witnesses.

Since the above was in type, we are informed that this story is not entitled to any credit, and originates from malice, against the parties accused.

—We had more snow storms this week, and sleighing is tolerable, but horses—ahem.

—Hicks who stabbed Rider, from the effects of which he died shortly after, had his trial at Bellefonte, last week, and was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to 6 years and 7 months in the penitentiary.

—Several of our farmers around here say their horses had the epizooty last summer, and have now taken it a second time, among them we may mention Judge Hosterman's horses. It may also be worthy of note that, while nearly all horses in the valley have taken the disease, the team of John Conly, of near this place, is an exception. Mr. Conly has been using his team constantly all along, using no precaution to prevent his horses taking the epizooty, and has not avoided bringing his horses in contact with such as have the disease, yet his animals are seemingly free from the epidemic. He thinks it is owing to the sharp briny water of his new cistern which was cemented only three weeks ago, and the first fill of water of course is very strong, but his horses seem to relish it and drink it freely. We are not prepared to say that drinking this kind of water is a preventive of the epizooty, though it is worthy of investigation, there may be a remedy in it. There are a few other stables where the epidemic is not found, but in these the horses have been closely kept, and all contact with other horses been avoided.

—The following is the Benner township road law, which, or something similar, we recently proposed should be extended to Potter township, and, we think, to all other townships:

SEC. 1. That from and after the passage of this act, it may be lawful for the supervisors of Benner township, in the county of Centre, in said commonwealth, and they are hereby authorized and directed, to demand and receive, in money, from the taxable inhabitants thereof, the amount of tax assessed, by them, for road purposes, and to employ suitable persons to repair and work upon the roads of said township, allowing therefore such compensation as, by them, may be deemed reasonable and just.

SEC. 2. That the township assessor shall be a member, *ex-officio*, of the board of supervisors, and shall have the casting vote in disputes arising as to the repairing and construction of roads, and the levying and collection of taxes, in said township.

SAVED BY A STIMULANT.

Another Missouri Survivor—What a Bottle of Whiskey Did.

NEW YORK, November 30.—David North, of Rondout, N. Y., one of the four remaining survivors, of the Missouri, who have arrived here, narrates a very harrowing story. While floating about at sea in an open boat, he and his companions had to lock their legs under the seats, and clasp arms to keep from being washed over board by the heavy sea. They were without food for many days. The boilerman went crazy the first day, the barber afterward died, and the porter jumped overboard. From that time the boat was surrounded by a shoal of sharks. Thomas Egan, one of the five left on the morning of the fourth day while describing a splendid entertainment which he once attended, suddenly fell and died. He was thrown overboard, and immediately grabbed by sharks By almost a miracle the remaining four reached the land. A floating bottle of whisky, which was found, saved North's life.

ALABAMA.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., November 30.—This morning a detachment of the Seventh cavalry bivouacked near the Capitol grounds. Intense excitement prevailed, but, on its being learned that the troops were intended for a mere *posse comitatus*, the excitement subsided. The Legislature at the Capitol passed a bill and sent it to Governor Lewis, but he refused to receive it. A joint resolution was passed appointing a Committee to communicate the facts by telegraph to the Governor at Washington appointing a delegate to present the case to the President. The Legislature express great confidence that the President will sustain them.

In answer to a communication of the Capital Legislature yesterday, Governor Lewis replied that two bodies claim his recognition, that the members of the other received majority of the votes cast and that he could not recognize the Capitol Legislature, because if the persons whom he said did not receive a majority were excluded, the body would be without a quorum. The Court House body has been in secret session.

There is fair prospect for a revolution in Alabama. The newly qualified Governor (Lewis) has recognized the so-called "bolters" Legislature as the legally qualified Legislature. According to all accounts, the Legislature which is in session at the State House lacks no element of legality and regularity; it was recognized by Gov. Lindsay, who was the Chief Executive of the State when the body was organized in due form. We have nowhere seen any attempt to explain the course of the irregular organization which meets in a court-room and claims to be a Legislature; nor is any defense of their claim attainable. This is serious business in Alabama; and apparently the most likely thing now is the impeachment of Gov. Lewis by the real Legislature of the State.

THE
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,
FOR 1873.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, now in its 28th year, enjoys the widest circulation of any analagous periodical in the world.

Its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the industrial, Mechanical and Scientific Progress of the world; Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Facts, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various Arts.

Descriptions of Improvements, Discoveries, and Important Works, pertaining to Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Milling, Mining and Metallurgy; Records of the latest progress in the Application of Steam, Steam Engineering, Railways, Ship-building, Navigation, Telegraphy, Telegraph Engineering, Electricity, Magnetism, Light and Heat.

The Latest Discoveries in Photography, Chemistry, New and Useful Applications of Chemistry in the Arts and in Domestic or Household Economy.

The Latest Information pertaining to Technology, Microscopy, Mathematics, Astronomy, Geography, Meteorology, Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Horticulture, Agriculture, Architecture, Rural Economy, Household Economy, Food, Lighting, Ventilation and Health.

In short the whole range of the Science and Practical Arts are embraced within the scope of the Scientific American. No person who desires to be intelligently informed can afford to be without this paper.

Farmers, Mechanics, Engineers, Inventors, Manufacturers, Chemists, Lovers of Science, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers and People of all Professions, will find the Scientific American to be of great value. It should have a place in every Family, Library, Study, Office and Counting room; in every Reading Room, College, Academy or School,

Published weekly, splendidly Illustrated only $3 a year.

The Yearly Numbers of the Scientific American make two splendid volumes of nearly one thousand pages, equivalent in contents to Four thousand ordinary Book Pages. An Official List of all Patents issued is published weekly. Specimen copies sent free. Address the publishers, MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

PATENTS, In connection with the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, MUNN & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had over 25 years experience, and have the largest establishment in the world. If you have made an invention, write them a letter and send a sketch; they will promptly inform you, free of charge, whether your device is new and patentable. They will also send you, free of charge, a copy of the Patent Laws in full, with instructions how to proceed to obtain a patent. Address MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

ENERGY AND PLUCK.—The publishers of Ballou's Monthly Magazine were burnt out by the great fire at Boston. In less than twenty-four hours after their premises were destroyed they had purchased a new office and were hard at work on the January number, which will be issued at the usual time and sent to subscribers. We like such evidence of pluck and we like Ballou's Magazine also, for it is worthy of the support of the whole community.

Zell's New Illustrated Monthly, for December, is a rich number. CONTENTS—Rome, with a full page illustration. The Venetian School of Painting, with a full page illustration. The Black Watch, with five illustrations. Future Changes of the Earth—Glaciers, with two illustrations. Tennyson. Historical Summary.—United States—Africa—Greece—Germany—Holland.

This is one of the most readable monthlies published.

After carefully reading one of the circulars of Wells' Grand Distribution, which takes place in Bridgeport, Conn., Dec 10, 1872, we have become satisfied that it is an enterprize worthy the attention and patronage of all. It is a home affair, endorsed by all the leading citizens of Bridgeport, and the vast amount of property to be given away will afford an opportunity to hundreds of securing valuable gifts of various kinds, including Houses and Lots, Horses and Carriages, Bank Stock, Government Bonds, and many articles we have not space to enumerate. All are advised to send early to the Great Central Office of Wells' Grand Distrbution, at Bridgeport, Conn., and secure a handsome Chromo or Engraving, ranging in price from $1 to $5, and a share in the Grand Distribution for each dollar's worth of pictures purchased.

MARRIAGES.

On 20th, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Agricultural College, by Rev. Robert Hamill, Mr. Everhart to Miss Libbie Foster.

On 24th inst., at Aaronsburg, by Rev. C. H. Reiter, Mr. John H. Korman to Miss Crisey Ann Raush, both of Centre county.

On 24th inst., by the same, at the residence of the groom, Mr. Daniel Miller to Miss Sarah Meyer, both of Centre county.

DEATHS.

On the 25th ult., in Zion, Centre county, of dropsy, John Shaffer, aged 44 years, 11 months and 5 days.

ILLINOIS FARM FOR SALE!

240 ACRES; FIRST CLASS LAND; only 6 years improved from prairie soil, with buildings, orchard &c, It is 8 miles directly south of Joliet, next to Chicago the most thriving city in the state and 14 miles east of the incorporated village of Elwood situated on Chicago & St. Louis R. R 45 miles from Chicago, the great market of this country, and 10 miles from coal regions. Population largely interspersed with 1st class Penn'a. Germans.

I desire to invest in Commercial business. Address W. NICHOLSON, Elwood, Will Co. Ill.
nov 29 3m

Last Notice.

SETTLE UP.—Notice is hereby given that the books of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company have been placed into the hands of J. P. Gephart, esq., of Bellefonte, for settlement. All Persons indebted to said company are hereby notified to make settlement within thirty days, and save costs.

CENTRE HALL MF'G. CO.
nov 21 4t

PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a most desirable property, in the town of Rebersburg, at private sale, consisting of a lot of ground, thereon erected a 2-story dwelling House, good sumner house, wash-house, carriage house, good stable, and all other necessary out-buildings. There is an abundance of the choicest fruit upon the premises. For further particulars, apply to

R. M. MAGEE,
nov.21 2t. Bellefonte.

To The Public.

The undersigned having purchased all the machinery, tools, stock, &c., heretofore belonging to the Foundry and Machine Shops of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company, hereby notify the citizens of Centre county that the business of said establishment has been resumed, and will be carried on as heretofore, in all its various branches as a FOUNDRY, MACHINE SHOP, AND MANUFACTORY OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS. The undersigend therefore respectfully solicit the public patronage, confident that they will render the utmost satisfaction in all work done by them, having made such additions and improvements in the establishment as will enable them to carry on upon a larger scale than heretofore.

VAN PELT & CO.
nov 21 4t

EXECUTERS SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre County will be sold on the premises in Potter township in said county, on Saturday the 21st day of December, 1872, at 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, all the following described real estate, consisting of two lots of land, late of Phoebe L. Keen, of said twp., dec'd. One thereof Bounded north and south by lands of John Wagner, east by land of Jonas From, and west by lands of John Jorden, containing 2 acres and 79 perches, thereon erected a two story Frame Dwelling house, stable, shop and other out buildings. The other thereof consisting of wood land, bounded by lands of Wm. Armagast, Peter Ruble and Wm. Mulbarger, containing 2 acres, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half the purchase money to be paid in hand on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year, secured by bond and Mortgage of the premises.

ROBERT LEE,
Executer.

THE LOGAN CEMENT CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers IN
SUPERIOR CEMENT.

The Cement is of the very Best Quality, guaranteed to be Superior to any in the State.

All orders sent by mail should be addressed to

W. P. M'MANUS, Agent,
P. O. Box, 16, Bellefonte, Centre Co. Pa.
26 July tf.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY
good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes.

They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for Cash.
july19,tf.

Game and Fish.

The following is a synopsis of the game and fish laws of the State, which it will be well for persons interested to preserve for reference:

Deer.—It shall not be lawful for any person to kill, hunt or take by any device, means or contrivance whatever, sell or expose for sale, have unlawfully in his pos, session, or worry or hunt with hound or dogs, any deer or fawn between the 31st day of December, in any year, and the 1st day of September, in any year; *Provided*, that nothing in this section shall apply to tame deer or those kept in parks

Any persons violating the foregoing provision of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall likewise be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars.

Pheasants, Partridges Turkeys, &c.—No person shall kill or have unlawfully in his possession or expose for sale, any ruffed grouse or pheasant, between the 30th day of December and the 1st day of August, or any quail or Virginia partridge between the 12th day of December and the 1st day of October, or any wild turkey, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of October, or any fox squirrel or gray squirrel, or rabit, between the 1st day of January and the st day of August, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every bird or squirrel so skilled unlawfully and in possession, or exposed for sale.

Insecticerous Birds.—No person shall at any time, kill, trap or expose for sale or have in his possession after the same is killed, any night hawk, whippoorwill, finch, thrush, lark, sparrow, wren, martin, swallow, woodpecker, dove, bobolink, robin, or starkling or any other insectiverous bird, nor destroy or rob the nest of any wild birds whatever, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every bird so killed, trapped or exposed for sale, and for each nest so destroyed or robbed.

Hunting on Sunday.—There shall be no shooting of birds, hunting or trapping on the first day of the week, called Sunday, and any person offending against the provision of this act, shall, on conviction, forfeit, and pay a sum not exceeding twenty-five nor less than five dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail where the offence was committed, not less than ten days nor more than twenty-five days for each offence.

Trapping Birds.—No person shall at any time feed, bait or build blinds for the purpose of killing or to trap or snare any wild turkey, ruffed grouse or pheasant, quail or Virginia partridge or woodcock, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every bird so taken, trapped or snared: *Provided*, that nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent individuals or associations for the protection, preservation and propagation of game from gathering alive by net or traps, quails or Virginia partridges, for the sole purpose of preserving them alive over winter, from the fifteenth day of November to the first day of January, and for no other purpose whatever.

Black Bass.—It shall be unlawful for any person to take, catch or kill, by any means or device whatsoever, any black bass in the Delaware or Susquehanna rivers, or any of their tributaries, until the first day of August, A. D. 1872: *Provided*, That the accidental taking of black bass shall not be construed as a violation of this act if the same shall be immediately returned alive into the said rivers and tributaries. The fact of any persons having such black bass in their possession shall be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of their having been taken from said rivers or tributaries in violation of this act. Any person violating the above provisions of this act shall upon conviction thereof before any Justice of the peace, pay a fine of five dollars for each and every fish so taken or had in possession; without being able to prove that they were not taken from the said rivers or streams, and in default of the payment of such fine to undergo an imprisonment in the county jail for a term of ten days.

Pike.—The species commonly known as Susquehanna salmon, pike, perch and jack salmon, shall henceforth not be taken in any of the streams meant to be included in this act during their spawning time, this is to say between the first day of February and first day of June in any year; and the mode of proof of such taking and the penalty for the same shall be the same as in the case of black bass.

Trout.—No persons shall at any time, with intent so to do, catch any speckled brook trout or any speckled river trout, with any device, save only with a hook and line; and no person shall catch any such trout, or have any such trout in possession, save only during months of April, May, June, and the first fifteen days of August, under a penalty of five dollars for each trout so caught or had in his possession; but this section shall not prevent any persons or corporation from catching trout in winter owned by them, or upon their premises, to stock other waters in any maner or at any time.

Drugging Fish.—No persons shall place in any fresh water stream, lake or pond, without the consent of the owner, any lime or other deleterious substance with the intent to injure fish, or any drug or medicated bait with intent thereby to poison or catch fish, nor place in a pond or lake stocked and inhabited by trout or black bass any drug or other deleterious substance, with intent to destroy such trout or bass, nor place in any fresh water, pond or stream stocked with brook trout, any pike, pickerel, black bass or red bass, or other pisciverous fish (salmon excepted), without the consent of the owner of the land upon which the pond or stream is situated. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall in addition thereto, and in addition to any damage he may have done, be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars.

Fishing with Seines.—It shall not be lawful for any person to fish with seines in the waters of the Raystown branch of the Juniata river and its tributaries, under a penalty of ten dollars for each offense.

Fish Baskets.—The sheriff of the county is authorized and required to declare fish baskets and brush nets common nuisances in the rivers of Susquehanna and Juniata and their tributaries, and on failure of the owners to remove them the sheriff shall destroy or remove them himself.

Traverse Jurors—4th Monday, Nov.

Bellefonte Bor—Hezman Miller, Jacob Seibert, Albert Aummerman, Christian Derr, C. S. Garbrick.
Milesburg Bor—Jonathan Bullock.
Philipsburg Bor—J. L. Barr.
Unionville Bor—Benj. Rich.
Benner township—Thomas Marshall.
Ferguson—Geo. D. Danley, James Caldwood, John Kreps.
Gregg—R. H. Duncan.
Howard—Samuel Pletcher.
Halfmoon—J H Griffin, A J Thompson.
Harris—John Lytle.
Haines—W Ettinger.
Huston—Reuben Richards, Jno D Morgan.
Liberty—J F Clark, Christ Schneck.
Marion—Adam Bartholemew.
Miles—And Ocker, James Mallery, Jno Wolf.
Patton—ChasSmith, Geo Mattern.
Potter—Henry Rossman, Peter Hoffer, Jacob Harpster, Micheal Spyker, Henry Garver, John Farner.
Spring—Wm Dale, Joseph Flora, Nelson Lucas.
Taylor—David Henderson.
Walker—Jas Shaffer, B. F. Shaffer, Geo Swartz, Jas Emerick, Daniel Leash.
Worth—A S Price, David Sputts.

Traverse Jurors—2nd week.

Bellefonte Bor—Pat McCaffrey, J P Gephart, Jas H Dobbins, H B Pontius.
Philipsburg Boro—Falkner.
Unionville—John Alexander.
Benner township—Adam Wagner.
Boggs—Wm. D Harper.
Curtin—Nathan McCloskey.
Ferguson—H W Meek, Joseph B Webb.
Gregg—Geo Mark.
Haines—John Bimbert, John Bear, Jacob Wolf; John Yearker.
Harris—H Frederick, Shannon Boal, Felix Dale, Samuel Gilliland
Howard—Wm. H Neff, John Stitzer.
Huston—H G Cronister, Mark G Williams, Levi Woomer.
Miles—Henry Corman,
Potter—John Odenkirk, Wm Stover.
Rush—Wm White, George Bears.
Snow Shoe—J Brown, James Y Lucas.
Spring—John Rockey.
Walker—A Gramley, J S Swartz, Josiah Strubble.

OUR CLOTHING STORE.

I have just been to the city, and laid in a full stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

and in addition to that a large stock of HATS and CAPS

of the latest styles; also BOOTS and SHOES, both kip and calf; also GAITERS, for ladies, of three or four different styles.

TOBACCO and CIGARS, of the best assortment.

JEWELRY and NOTIONS

I solicit a liberal patronage from the kind people of Pennsvalley, as heretofore. Our motto is, SELL CHEAP

JACOB KRISE
oct 25.6t Millheim.

C. F. Herlacher N. Cronmiller.

NEW GOODS!
FRESH ARRIVAL
OF
FALL GOODS!!!

HERLACHER & CRONMILLER

Wish to inform the citizens of Potter that they have opened an entire new stock of goods in their old quarters, and will keep constantly on hand a full and good assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
ALPACAS, Poplins, PLAIDS, Lustres.
and all other kinds of
DRESS GOODS,
full line of
NOTIONS and FANCY Goods
Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes
CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, CEDARWARE,
SUGARS,
TEAS, COFFEES,
FISH, SALT,
etc., etc., etc.,

All of which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

Highest prices paid for country produce. By strict attention to business we hope to merit and receive the patronage of the public

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Wool Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Satens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c,

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of Men's Boy's and Children's of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

A very large stock of Men's Women's and Children's and sold very low.

Queensware,

full assortment.

GROCERIES

a full stock at the lowest prices. At the old stand of

WM. WOLF.

W. J. McManigal,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
HARDWARE and CUTLERY,
Iron, Nails, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Wall Paper, &c.
Milroy Mifflin Co., Pa.

To Shoemakers,
I have just received a large stock of
FRENCH KIP
FRENCH MOROCCOES
FRENCH CALF SKINS
LINING SKINS
RUSSIA BRISTLES
RED SOLE LEATHER
SHOE MAKERS TOOLS
PAT., AWL HAFTS AT 10 CENTS
SHOE THREAD &c.
Call early and examine
Oct 11 3m WM'J M'MANIGAL.

BOSTON
Boot & Shoe Store!
A NEW ESTABLISHMENT
With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room
NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,
BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of
BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,
that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.
you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.
WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.
B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
R. F. Rankin & Co.,
(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.
PURE WINE & LIQUORS
for medicinal purposes.
SHOULDER BRACES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety]
Also, Choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFU Y COMPOUNDED.
nlljune R. F. RANKIN & CO.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,80, Red 160....Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 40.....Barley 60. 70.....Cloverseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50..... Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

USE
PAIN CURE OIL
"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"
FOR
Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.
BUY IT! TRY IT!
For Fever and Ague, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED,
And we challenge the world to produce its equal.
Used Externally and Internally for
MAN AND BEAST.
Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.
It is not a strong ammonia preparation, but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS, Reading, Pa.
Sold wholesale and retail by F. P. Green.

W. A. CURRY,
BOOT & SHOE MAKER
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call.
Oct 11. 3m.

School Tax.

To all whom it may concern: The duplicate of school Tax for Potter school district for the 1872, has been placed in the hands of Fred Kurtz, Treasurer of the School Board, in accordance with the Act of Assembly of 1869, for collection.

All persons paying said tax on or before the 15th of November, will be allowed a deduction of five per cent; from the 15th of November to 14th of Dec. no deduction and after that date 5 per cent will be added. By order of the Board.

FRED KURTZ,
Sept. 20. Treasurer.

THE Very Best Buenos Ayers
Sole Leather,
FRENCH, GERMAN AND COUNTRY
CALF SKINS,
SHOEFINDINGS, &c., &c.,

At reasonable rates, next door to C. D. Keller's store, Bishop Street Bellefonte Penn's.

E. GRAHAM & SON.
Oct 11 tf.

A. SUSSMAN
LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of
WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.
Kips and Calf Skins
French and City Finish.
STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Raw Hides
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Trunks and Valises
OF ALL KINDS.
RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.
Clover and Timothy Seed
always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer, ap5.tf.

ADAM HILD,
PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in
House, Sign and Ornmenatal Painting.
GRAINING
Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c.
Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.
All fine work done for other painters.
June 7 y.

JOHN C. MOTZ & CO.
BANKERS.
MILLHEIM, CENTRE Co., PA.

Receive Deposits and allow interest.
Discount Notes,
Make Collections,
Issue Eastern Exchange.
And a general Banking Business done.
JOHN C. MOTZ,
A WALTER, PRESIDENT.
Cashier. mar22tf.

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.
PECK & LEE'S
New
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.
my.y. PECK & LEE.

ESTATE OF DAVID STOVER, dec'd, of Penn township.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration over above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate are called upon to make payment forthwith, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. FRANK,
JOHN STOVER,
nov 29 6t Adm'r.

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments ot Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) There we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.
S. S. WOLF, Ryder Organ..... $225.00
WM. GALBRAITH, Ryder Organ..... 140.00
LEMONT.
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NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of
SPLENDID NEW GOODS,
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and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.
ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.
P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in
LEATHER AND

Song.

O, moonlight deep and tender,
A year or more agone,
Your mist of golden splendor
Round my betrothal shone!

O, elm leaves dark and dewy,
The very same ye seem,
The low wind trembles through ye,
Ye murmur in my dream.

O, river, dim with distance,
Flow thus forever by,
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie!

O, stars, ye saw our meeting,
Two beings and one soul,
Two hearts so madly beating
To mingle and be whole.

O, happy night, deliver
Her kisses back to me,
Or keep them all, and give her
A blissful dream of me.

Farm, Garden and Household.

MILK.—The milk producers in the neighborhood of Chicago have formed an association for the protection of their interests. At a late meeting they decided to fix the wholesale price of milk for the six months, beginning with October first, at eighteen cents a gallon. During the summer it was twelve and a half cents a gallon. The association is new, but is growing in strength.

FRUIT TREES.—It has been suggested more than once that in setting out fruit trees, they should be placed in the same position with reference to the points of the compass as before transplanting. The same idea is brought out in a recent article in *Les Mondes*, where the neglect of this precaution is given as explaining why some trees are weak, contorted and stunted. They became so, as the writer believes, in the efforts to recover their original "orientation." The theory is certainly a plausible one, and is well for those who are setting out trees to make a note of it.

WHOLE-WHEAT.—Wash a quart of clean, white winter wheat, put it with water in a farina kettle or in a tin pail set into a kettle of boiling water, the pail being kept from the bottom of the kettle by a few nails or pebbles thrown in, and cook it slowly for twelve hours; or until the kernels are quite soft. Both the kettle and pail should be kept well supplied with hot water. If any salt is wanted it should be added after the wheat is cooked, as salt will render the bran tough. Wheat thus prepared is excellent, eaten with milk or dressed with cream and sugar.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Take the lobster, if canned (and it is not easily procurable whole, in the country,) and two hard boiled eggs cut in slices, two anchovies filleted, and two cabbage lettuces, or any other salad, cut up small. Mix the whole well together in a basin; season with half a teaspoonful of chopped onions, one of chopped tarragon and chervil, a little pepper and salt, six spoonfuls of salad oil, and two of vinegar. When all mixed, turn the whole into a salad bowl, and serve. Crabs may be dressed in the same manner.

ROAST OYSTERS.—Wash and wipe the shell-oysters, and lay them in the oven, if it is quick—upon the top of the stove, if it is not. When they open they are done. Pile in a large dish and send to table. Remove the upper shell by a dexterous wrench of the knife, season the oyster on the lower with pepper-sauce and butter, or pepper, salt and vinegar in lieu of the sauce, and you have the very aroma of this pearl of bivalves, pure and undefiled. Or, you may open while raw, leaving the oysters upon the lower shells; lay in a large baking-pan, and roast in their own liquor; add pepper, salt and butter before serving.

APPLES PRESERVED LIKE GINGER.—Peel and cut in quarters enough apples to weigh six pounds; weigh them and take the weight in sugar with half a pound of race ginger; pack the apples in a jar, a layer of apples, then sugar and ginger until all are put in. Next day bruise an ounce of ginger and infuse it in half a pint of boiling water closely covered. Next day, put the apples, sugar, and ginger, with the water from the bruised ginger, in a preserving kettle, and boil it for one hour, or until the apple looks clear and syrup rich, adding some lemon-peel just before done. This tastes like West India ginger when nicely done.

STEAMED OYSTERS.—If you have no steamer, improvise one by the help of a colander and a pot-lid fitting close into it, at a little distance from the top. Wash some shell-oysters and lay them in such a position in the bottom of the colander that the liquor will not escape from them when the shell opens, that is, with the upper shell down. Cover with a cloth thrown over the top of the colander, and press the lid hard down upon this to exclude the air. Set over a pot of boiling water so deep that the colander, which should fit into the mouth, does not touch the water. Boil hard for twenty minutes, then make a hasty examination of the oysters. If they are open you are safe in removing the cover. Serve on the half-shell, upon a hot chafing-dish. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and a few bits of butter, but be quick in whatever you do, for the glory of the steamed oyster is to be eaten hot.

PLOWING SANDY SOILS.—Spring is the time to plow sandy soils. If plowed in the Autumn the repeated freezings and thawings of winter will so loosen and lighten them as to be easily drifted and injured by freshets, whereas it is desirable to fall-plow heavy clays, which are rendered friable by the freezings and thawings of winter. Many farmers fear that to subsoil plow sandy soil won'd be too loose, by leaching, all the manure they apply, forgetting that a very slight percentage of clay or carbonaceous matter is sufficient to absorb and retain manures till used by plants; for, if it were not so, there would be few wells the water of which would be fit to drink. The fact is, that sandy soils, as a rule, are greatly benefited by subsoil plowing. Such soils are easily and greatly compacted by rains, so much so as to prevent the easy penetration of the roots of plants. When subsoil is plowed with the lifting subsoil plow, which loosens but does not bring the subsoil to the surface, roots may strike deeply in search of food. The roots of crops afterward decaying in such soils, supply organic matter, thus increasing their tenacity, rendering them less liable to drift, and improving them generally for the growing of crops.

DAIRY COWS IN WINTER AND SUMMER.—Chester Hazen gives in the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society Report the conclusions of his experience for twenty years in that State. He says: The care and food of a dairy are of as much importance as the proper selection of the cows; for even good cows unless well fed and cared for are poor properly, yielding little or no profit. They should always have good, comfortable stables in the winter, be liberally supplied with the best quality of hay, with a light feed (from one to two quarts) of meal each day. With this treatment, if fed and watered regularly, they will pass the winter in good condition, be fat enough for beef in the spring, and will not have to lay on flesh for a number of weeks before they come to a full flow of milk. To secure the most satisfactory results, good pastures should be provided; the tame grasses, timothy and clover are the best. A daily mess of ground feed through the summer will be found profitable; and some provision (sowing corn or some other crop to cut up green) should be made for droughts or short feed in the fall. Pastures should have plenty of pure water in them, easily accessible at all times. Shade trees or some kind of shelter from the scorching heat of the sun are essential to the comfort, and consequently to the profitableness of the cow. When the weather is warm and the flies are troublesome, they should have a pasture to run in nights. At this season of the year they will feed more in the night than during the day. Good careful hands at the milk-pail are very essential in the proper management of the dairy. Each milker should have the same cows assigned to him to milk regularly night and morning, and the milking should be done, as nearly as possible, at the same hour each day. It is eminently true that the better the care taken of the cows, and the better they are fed, the greater will be the flow of milk. The special aim of every dairyman should be to get the greatest amount of milk from a given number of cows, for in this they will find their greatest profit.

To Preserve Beauty.

All women desire to be pretty, and the wish is natural enough, since a truly lovely woman is the acknowledged ornament of any circle of which she forms a part. Very well, then, girls, read the following hints, and perhaps you may learn how to promote or preserve your beauty. Exercise is, of course, essential to female beauty. It animates the whole physical life, quickens the circulation of the blood, heightens the color, develops the growth and perfects the form of each limb and the entire body. It also gives elasticity and grace to every movement. Nothing is more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed, and the night at work or dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion, and dark-rimmed, wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to bleat the person with a pallid and unwholesome fat. The diet, also has a marked influence upon personal beauty. Generous living is favorable to good looks, as it tends to fill out, and give color and sleekness to the skin. A gross and excessive indulgence, however, in eating and drinking, is fatal to the female charms, especially where there is a tendency to "making flesh." Regularity of time in the daily repasts, and scientific cooking, are the best means of securing not only good health but good looks. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionery or any other tickler of the appetite, which gratifies the taste, but does not support the system. And, last but not least, the mind should be kept unruffled, the temper under perfect control, so that those ugly wrinkles produced by perplexed thought or frowning anger may be avoided, and the face remain calm, serene.

FIXED IDEAS.—In the Mind of Man—That he is overworked. That his constitution requires stimulants. That, if he had them, he could at this moment invest a few hundreds to the greatest advantage. That smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his toothache, &c. That he ought to belong to a club. That he could reform the army, do away with a large fortune by keeping a hotel. That he knows a good glass of wine. That he ought to win a heap of money if he were to go to Homburg. That medicine is all humbug. That he could preach as good a sermon himself. That he would soon pick up his French if he went abroad.—In the Mind of Woman—That she has nothing fit to put on. That things ought to be bought because they are cheap. That there is company in the kitchen. That she is not allowed sufficient money for housekeeping. That she never goes out anywhere. That her best black silk is getting awfully shabby. That she requires a change about the month of August. That her allowance is too small. That she never looks fit to be seen. That cook drinks. That there is somebody in the house. That Mrs. Orphington is dreadfully gone off, or dreadfully made up, or not so very good-looking, after all.—*Punch.*

A CORPSE MISLAID.—A Boston correspondent vouches for the following: "A certain judge was visiting a friend's family when the death of an infant child occurred. The bereaved parents requested the judge to watch by the remains of the departed, and of course he consented. As the night hours spread their weary length along, the judge became exceedingly sleepy and weary; so, looking around, he saw a bureau, and, trying the upper drawer thereof, found it empty and capable of being locked. He accordingly placed the dead baby in a drawer, locked it, took out the key, put the latter in his pocket and retired to rest on the sofa. Awakening early and having a call out, he entirely forgot the events of the preceding night. At court hour he was punctual in attendance, and deeply engaged listening to counsel when a strong whisper startled him: 'Where's the baby?' A fumbling in his pocket, the delivery of the key, and a few explanatory words delivered all parties from their somewhat awkward predicament."

WOOL AND LEATHER.—The entire wool product of the country is 100,000,000 pounds, and some 70,000,000 pounds are imported. About a third of the clip of last Spring is still held back, the price has been firm, and manufacturers have groaned over the narrow margin of profit on their goods. There was in Boston on the day previous to the fire from ten to twenty millions of pounds of wool, and half of this was destroyed in the fire. This tends to unsettle the wool market, and to place a new phase upon the relations between the manufacturer and the wool dealer. The obvious tendency is to advance the price both of wool and of domestic woolens, large stocks of which were burned at Boston. The leather market and the boot and shoe market are also affected by this fire. The destruction of these goods was immense, and there must be an immediate production to meet the current demand. This will give fresh activity to the industries of many thriving towns in Eastern Massachusetts, and aid at once in repairing the damage by the fire.

PURE MILK FOR THE CHILDREN.—Some years ago, when the Commissioners of Central Park, New York, began collecting a herd of choice cows, they generally resolved to afford accommodations for the baby population to drink fresh and unadulterated milk, at a nominal expense. Accordingly, an attractive building was erected near the Mall, where nurses may bring babies and young children for a bountiful supply of milk, ice-cream and wholesome pastry. On fine days the dairy presents a very animated scene. Decrepit age as well as prattling infancy flock thither. Babies—on the arm, in carriage and on foot; invalids, supported with pillows, in easy-chairs and vehicles; mothers and nurses, rest there by the hour. It is a strictly democratic institution, and a decided blessing. The pure air, the exhilarating surroundings, the cheerful company, and the milk fresh from the animals that browse within a stone's throw, are of greater value to the little ones than we may at first imagine.

GROWTH OF NAILS.—M. Dufour has made observations as to the rate of growth of the nails. Here are some of the results. The nails of the little fingers grow more slowly than those of the other fingers and thumbs. The difference is about one-ninth. The mean rate of these (excluding the little fingers) is about one millimetre (100th part of an inch) in ten days. The rate of growth on the thumbs is probably greater than that on the six longer fingers. There is little difference between the rate of growth in different animals. The nails grow at about the same rate upon both hands. The rate of growth is not constant throughout the length of the nail; it is greater near the base. The rate of growth at the side parts is probably the same as in the middle part. The substance of the nail advances equally throughout its breadth. The rate of nail-growing in an individual at intervals of several years shows sensible differences.

The difference between the man who earns his living by making pens, and the man who earns it by using them, is rather strikingly exemplied in the sums respectiyely left behind them by Joseph Gillott and Charles Dickens. The pictures alone of the former have just fetched nine hundred thousand dollars, while the whole personality of the latter—and of real estate he had but little—amounted to four hundred thousand dollars. The most successful of literary men cannot hope to achieve the fortune of a third-rate manufacturer or merchant. Probably Dickens made more than any other writers, except Scott and Dumas.

Graphic Description of the Fire.

A letter written from the scene of the great fire in Boston to the N. Y. *World* says: I worked my way through the crowd down to another street a couple of blocks distant, near the northward advance of the fire. The wind which at first was scarcely perceptible, had now arisen almost to a gale, but right in its teeth the flames strode steadily onward. The streets here are short, narrow and crooked. The buildings which line them are from five to seven stories in height, massive structures of stone and iron seemingly very staunch, but almost all topped by that infernal fire trap, the mansard roof. Above these mansard roofs the wind howled madly, but below there was little or nothing of its force felt in the streets, not enough to give much direction to the spread of the fire, which seemed steadily eating on in all directions. Now, the streets in all this business section were filled with eager, frightened men, striving to save all they could gather of their effects. Teams were scarce and wagons drawn by hand dashed hither and thither through the crowd, laden with books and valuables, but the amount thus saved was comparatively nothing. Every one of these huge buildings held hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property, of almost every kind known to commerce, and not all the wagons in the land, and all the men who could have worked, would have been able to rescue a tithe of this wealth, so rapidly did the flames now do their terrible work. Every inhabitant of the doomed district felt instinctively the three leading chances for entire destruction of this part of the city, viz., scant water, overcrowded buildings and mansard roofs, and the terror of saving what little could most readily be reached, spread blocks ahead of the conflagration. Add to these causes for fear two more. The firemen were becoming exhausted, and every moment the boundary of the fire was growing so terribly larger and larger that all their force could not surround it.

Chancing to discover in the crowd an acquaintance who could procure for me a view from the roof of a tall building just back of the post office, I ascended there. From that elevated post of observation the spectacle was the most fearful and at the same time the most magnificent I have ever beheld. From Washington street to the wharves was a sea of fire, which tossed its horrible billows of flame into the very clouds, which glowed back responsive to the blaze. The light made all the city bright, like day. Each steeple glistened white, and shapes of cornices and domes came out with most unnatural sharpness and a ghostly gleam, outlined against the angry sky, the moon looked dim and no bright stars twinkled through the lurid light; but to and fro in the unwonted glare above the fire, wheeling in circles in their wild affright, now fleeing from its terrors and anon turning in their confusion, plunging into it and miserably perishing, were flocks of birds. Like the low roll of muttering thunder, smote upon the ear the roar of the flames, amid which almost each minute some single violent crash told that another tall building had gone down in ruins. Mingling with these awful sounds were the shouts of the excited firemen, the desperate cries of frightened men, and now and then cheers, full of clinging hope, with which were welcomed fire companies from other cities as they arrived to aid in the herculean task.

After a little time I descended again to the street, and once more faced the fire at close quarters. Buildings which but an hour before seemed saved; now laid in piles of glowing embers. The fire had advanced three blocks farther toward State street from the time I left it to ascend the roof. Beside me in the crowd stood a man, middle aged, with a face upon which was pictured the most exquisite agony of suspense. He watched a big house until two buildings from the fire, upon which the firemen were exerting all their energies. People pushed him out of the way, stepped on his toes, jammed his hat over his eyes, in their mad hastening to and fro, but he moved not and said nothing. He simply watched that house. As he did so he saw thin blue smoke curling from the windows of the second beyond it, then, almost immediately, in the one next it, then in the one he watched. The smoke moved steadily from one window to another as a man would walk. Then the smoke changed to flame, and the firemen had to make a desperate rush to save themselves and their apparatus, as simultaneously the three huge edifices were transformed into one vast glowing furnace. "Gone, lost, ruined, every dollar in the world that I owned," I heard the man say as he turned away and went down the street, staggering as one who is drunk with hopelessness, or who has been stunned by a blow. He was but one of thousands like him.

The streets were now almost impassable, and I again ascended to my roof to see something of the process of blowing up buildings which I learned that the firemen and police were now about to resort to. As I reached the roof the dull roar of an explosion met my ears. Then another and another and I knew this desperate necessity had come at last. The spectacle was more appalling now than before, for the fire was now much nearer—only two little blocks removed from where I stood. Away off toward the wharves at the foot of Summer street arose mountains of black smoke, and from out these burst flames like great balloons, which rolled up round and firm and threatening into the clouds above, and there burst, spreading out broadly. Vast quantities of oil and wool and ship stores were contributing to those fires. Nearer and nearer came the explosions each closer than before. At length, almost under my nose, a large edifice seemed to be lifted up a little way then to sink down in a shapeless mass into its cellar; a noise like thunder filled the air, and the house upon which I stood rocked and trembled. I went down stairs. As I did so, I met policemen coming up to warn everybody out, as that house also would shortly be blown up. The employes of the post office were hurriedly rescuing what they could of the mails. No prospect of saving anything was now cherished.

From here I went over to the opposite side of the fire, where the wind was driving it with terror inspiring speed. Here families were being burned out. Terrified women, weeping children, and anxious men carrying in their arms what they could gather of their household goods were fleeing before the rapidly advancing flames.

Back to Washington street. Here the fire seemed stayed on the east side, but so intense was the heat that the thick plate glass in the windows on the other side of the street cracked and fell in showers, while the paint smoked, and the water thrown on the fronts of the buildings went up in steam.

The street was blocked up with huge masses of ruins from the buildings on the other side. All over there had gone down. The little cigar store where I had got a cigar two hours before was now nothing but a hole in the ground, and a palace of trade which stood beside it then, now lay as low as it.

The marines from the navy yard, the militia, both black and white, of the city, of Charlestown, and of Cambridge, were posted about the streets to preserve order and check the thieves. Back and back, again and again, they had to move out of reach of the fire; their bayonets glistened brightly in the ruddy light, and they made a strange foreground, a warlike one, of the scene. All the police from a score of towns round about were here watching property which had been carried to places of supposed safety, but not infrequently they were forced by the flames away from their posts.

ROMANCE.—There is a nice little bit of romance of the good old-fashioned kind just come to hand. Miss Matilda Phillips, sister of Adelaide, has lately rescued a young man from drowning at Genoa. It seems to have been a very brave deed, and in writing to her sister she says: "We are great friends ever since, and he can scarcely do enough for me. I have had beautiful letters from his mother and sisters, and I feel so happy to have done anything to bring so much happiness to any one." She speaks familiarly of the grateful youth as Walter, and the consequences are evident. There is but one proper conclusion for this story.

The Fisherman's Widow.

Down on the sands, when the tide is low,
I sit and dream of the "long ago;"
The children play at their mother's feet,
And the chime of the waves is hushed and sweet;
But a voice drifts over the quiet shore,
And whispers, "The sea shall be no more."

Down on the sands, when the red light pales,
I sit and watch for the fisher's sails;
And my heart throbs stills with the old, old pain,
For the boat that will never come back again;
But a new world waits fer my love and me—
A world of peace—where is no more sea.

For God is good, and the gift he gave
Is held a while by that silver wave;
Not lost, but hidden; I may not weep,
While he is at rest in the solemn deep,
And the voice of an angel speaks to me
Of the fair new home where is no more sea.

SLOW POISON.—Some daring doctor in Dublin, Ireland, has been ascertaining how many direful ingredients go to make up the poisonous chalice which whiskey-drinkers in that city commend to their lips. One sample of Dublin whiskey was adulterated with naphtha, vitriol and cayenne pepper. Another was made up of cayenne pepper, blue-stone, vitriol, and a little alcohol, and cost about one penny a gallon in the manufacture. That men swallow such fiery compounds and live is a wonder. It proves, however, that the human system possesses remarkable powers of indurance, and the wonder is not that it has so many diseases and derangements, but that it escapes with so few.

ANOTHER WHARTON CASE.—Another story of suspected poisoning has just come to light in North Carolina which bears a singular resemblance to the case of Mrs. Wharton, not yet fully and finally disposed of, in Maryland. Two women have been accused of murdering by poison the husband of one and the father of the other. By his death, so far as appears, they have succeeded merely in reducing themselves from the condition of comfortable dependence which they enjoyed before it to a condition of uncomfortable reliance upon their own exertions for support. A chemical analysis has been made, and the unmistakable presence of strychnine was developed by it.

DEATH OF A VALUABLE HORSE.—Commodore Vanderbilt's famous trotting horse "Mountain Boy," died at his stable in New York. About three weeks ago he began to cough and it was thought at first that he had contracted the then prevailing horse malady, but as there was no discharge from the nostrils the cough was attributed to a cold, and only the usual remedies for such affection were administered. He was valued at over $100,000 and could not have been bought at any price.

CEMENT FOR LEAKY ROOFS.—The best cement for such purpose is made of one pound of rosin, one pound of Venetian red, (or pure clay ground to a fine powder will do instead of Venetian red,) with sufficient raw linseed oil to reduce it to such a consistence that it will not crack when cold. The materials should be mixed and applied while hot, with a paint brush, and two or three coats be given the cement being worked well into the cracks.

THE SAN JUAN BOUNDARY CASE.—A special despatch from Berlin says the three experts to whom the Emperor William referred the San Juan boundary case, in their report to His Majesty, recommended as a compromise of the dispute the middle channel as the boundary line between British and American territory. The reports of the experts have not yet been published.

The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all, musk. Her dressing-room in Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing nor paint has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

A letter from Ireland says: "The whole county of Wexford has been excited by the reported elopement of Miss Agnes Barry, only daughter of the Hon. Hugh Barry an ex-member of Parliament, of Newton Barry, with an American tourist, a Mr. Fitzhenry, of Boston. Miss Barry is the absolute possesser of the richest estate in the country, and is heiress to over £3,00,000 sterling, a sum represented by $1,500,000 gold, which she inherited from her uncle.

A good many years ago, a Kentuckian went to Cincinnati and drove a cart, at low wages, until he had saved up $700. With this he bought a large load of coal, which sank at the landing the night it was delivered, and he had to sell it for $400. The party who bought it failed before paying for it, but finally compromised by giving two and a half acres of land for the debt. The land is now in the business part of Cincinnati, and is worth over $1,500,000.

The old maid recalls, perhaps, similar encounters in her youth to which circumstance and occasion did not lend their aid. Chance brings before her some transient fancy of her girlhood, and she shudders to think what might have been. Compensation, that great harmonizer of lots and rectifier of fortune's caprices, has no wider field, no greater triumphs, than in equalizing the amount of happiness in the two states of life we have been discussing.

A remorseless Terre Haute man "is keeping a diary which was commenced by his great grandfather in England, continued by his grandfather in the same country and on the voyage across the Atlantic to this country, and by him kept up in the United States till just before his death, when his son, the father of the present diarist, took up the task and brought it down to 1827, when the present keeper began it.

The rapid increase in value of real estate in New York, is shown in the fact that Fifth avenue lots, near Central Park that sold for $20,000 five years ago now command from $60,000 to $75,000. The cross streets between Fifth and Sixth avenues have not been behind One gentleman, who five years since paid $10,000 for a lot, this season gave $35,000 for the adjoining one.

The new King of Sweden went once *incognito* with a friend to Malmo. The two were robbed of all the money they had, and, in consequence, were unable to pay their hotel-bills. The irate landlord called them swindlers and thieves, and threatened to have them arrested. Their merriment at this treatment increased his wrath, and they barely escaped personal violence at his hands.

The presents to the people of the city from W. W. Corcoran the wealthiest Washingtonian, exceeds $3,000,090. They are vested in a widows' asylum and an art gallery, munificently endowed with valuable real estate. The widows' home is already inhabited; the art gallery will be thrown open this winter and Mr. Corcoran's private collections added to the new purchases.

A Manchester (Vt.) farmer lost fifteen sheep by bears, and then the animals began on his apples. He couldn't stand this, and set traps; but the bears stole one of his traps and all the satisfaction he could get was to find three bear's toes left behind.

A new use has been found for mice. It is now attracting public attention as a material for roofing buildings, for which purpose it has been found to be peculiarly adapted.

A coal mine was inundated in Staffordshire, England, drowning twenty-two men. Eleven were rescued.

Weekly Review---New York Market.

BREADSTUFFS.—The flour market is firm, with a fair inquiry; sales at $5,80a$6,20 for Superfine State; $6,90a$7,00 for choice do; $5,80a$6,20 for Superfine Western; $6,80a$7,70 for extra Western; $6,66a$7,10 for round-hoop Ohio; and $7,15a$9,20 for trade brands. Southern flour is steady; sales 690 bbls. at $7a$9,10 for common to fair extra, and $9,15a$12 for good to choice extra. Rye flour is firmer; sales 300 bbls. at $4,75a$6,40. Corn meal is quiet and unchanged.

Grain.—The wheat market is firm; We quote at $1,47a$1,53 for No. 2 Spring afloat, and $1,59a$1,60 for No. 1 do. Corn is firmer; sales at 63 1-2c. for steamer Western mixed. Rye is firm at 84c. for old Western in store. Barley is steady. Barley malt is quiet. Oats are 2a3c. better; sales at 52c. for old Western mixed,

Whiskey—Is quiet and steady at 96c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is dull; sales $15,-75a15.90 for new mess; and $15 for prime mess.

Beef is dull; sales 50 bbls. at $4a8.50 for new plain mess; $8.40a10 for new ext; a mess.

Tierce Beef is nominal at $13a14 for prime mess, and $16a19 for India mess.

Beef Hams are firm, at $80a38.

Cut Meats are steady, at 6a6¼c. for shoulders, and 14a14¼c. for hams.

Middles are quiet.

Lard is dull; sales of 200 tcs. at 8 1-8a 8 5-8c. for steam, and 8 7 8c. for kettle rendered.

Butter is quiet, at 10a16c. for Western and 24a28c. for State.

Cheese steady, at 11a15c. for common to prime.

Tallow is dull; sales 30,000 lbs. at 9 1-8a9 1-4c.

Stearine is quiet; sales of 5,000 lbs. at 9a9 3-8c.

Coffee—The market is firm at fully supported rates. Sales are reported of 1,500 bags Rio within the range of 15a 18¼c. gold.

Molasses—Is dull at low rates.

Petroleum—Is quiet at 27½a27¾c. for standard white and 14¼c. for crude oil in bulk.

Rice—Is firm and fairly active at 7¼a 8¼c. for Carolina.

Sugar—Raws are firm but quiet at 9¾a10c. for fair to good refining. Sales 200 hhds Cuba at 9¾a10¼c.

New York Dry Goods Market.

The dry goods market has been quiet the past week, having scarcely recovered from the effects of the Boston fire.

Brown sheetings and shirtings have been in good demand and are firmer. The prices of Laconia, Langdon and Pepperell (wide goods,) have been advanced.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings have been in request for better qualities, and an advance of prices have been established for several makes.

In canton flannels there has been no change in prices, which are firm.

Ticks, checks and stripes have been in moderate demand.

Prints have not been quiet active but a fair aggregate of dark goods have been distributed.

In ginghams we have no change in prices to report.

Woolens have shown a decided improvement, and there is an advance in all desirable goods of from 7 1-2 to 10 per cent.

Cassimeres have been taken freely.

Black cloths have been fairly active, but there is little inquiry for deaskins or satinets.

Wool Flannels have been in good demand since the fire. Some of the leading commission houses are sold ahead on all styles of shakers, colors and fancies. Prices are firm at an advance of from 7 1-2a10 per cent. over the rates of 10 days ago.

Blankets have been in very good demand, and prices have advanced.

In shawls a fair quantity has been distributed by jobbers.

FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

The past week has showed more activity with the importers. Colored silks for dresses move slowly. Millinery silks such as reps, turquoise, satins, spangles, etc., have been quiet. Ribbons have been very dull. In hosiery a good demand has been shown for both English and German. There have been no changes of price in imported woolens, and stocks have been heavy.

The Mansard Roof.

A French architect in Boston declares that the Mansard roof, so-called in America, could not be built in any portion of France, as it is a fraud and a scandal. The Mansard roof of France is always fire-proof, being built in accordance with French law, of iron, brick and mortar. In Germany, to save valuables at fires, there is a large box of strong sheet iron, say, four feet wide, six feet high, and ten feet long, with a door, with lock, bed and well secured on two axles and drawn by four horses. On alarm of fire the carriages, each under the superintendence of a sergeant of police, are drawn near the fire; all valuables, such as books, money, jewelry, &c., are placed in the box and taken to the police station. No person is allowed to touch anything until all the persons having property in it are present.

The New York *Tribune* in speaking of the roof says: The indiscriminating outcry against the Mansard roof, not because ill-built, but merely as a roof (the editor writes), is not to be wondered at, though it is quite irrational. * * * The roof is not at all at fault. The fault is in the municipal law of Boston (as well as New York and all other American cities), which permits any roof, Mansard or other, to be superposed upon a framework, and bossed with filagree ornaments of kindling wood. The Mansard roof is handsome; it lends grace and adorement to our thoroughfares. It liberalizes and adorns the pinched and rectangular architecture of our cities. It amplifies and renders more commodious any structure which it shelters. It has everything æsthetic and useful in its favor, and there is no valid argument against it. Let it be built solely of materials that won't burn and it becomes a helmet of protection worn gallantly and gracefully upon the brow which it protects and decorates, instead of an unkind torch ready to spring into plumes of fire at a touch.

BRUSSELS LACE.—It is easy to understand why Brussels lace is so costly, when we reflect that the finest specimens of it is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that it renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two hundred to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used; and for a larger width, as many as eight hundred on the same piece.

RAPID VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—Advices from Rochefort state that the "Rhin," steamer, just arrived in that port, has accomplished one of the most rapid voyages known. She left Toulon for New Celedonia in the beginning of February, and has thus made the tour of the world in seven months and a few days. The "Jura," which preceded her by six weeks, is still at sea. If the "Rhin" does not stand in need of repairs, she will immediately recommence her service in conveying convicts.

La patrie with the French is the object of a sort of worship. That indefinate thing, one's country, to them is more than life and family and ease. And the French peasant is digging up his hoarded gold buried since the days of Louis Philippe, as he of Grenoble did the other day, and bringing it, still moist and smelling of the damp soil, and castigating it into the lap of his beloved country, that she may be relived of the presence of her enemy.

The book to which reference is most frequently made nowadays—the pocket-book.

How to treat the New Horse Disease.

The Sanitary Committee of the Board of Health of New York City presented the following report at a special session of the Board, and the document was ordered on file:

The Sanitary Committee respectfully report that in connection with Dr. Liantard, veterinary surgeon to the Board, they have examined "the new phase" of the epidemic among horses. The diseases spoken of as dropsy and glanders are sequelæ, or results of the former affection, and resembles purpura hemorrhagica or scurvy of the human subject. The blood is so deteriorated that it escapes from the vessels into the cellular tissues under the skin, so as to cause large ecchymosis into and through the mucous membranes, giving rise to bloody discharges, and even into the cavicellated portions of the bone. The red globules are in a state of disintegration, and the serum escaping from the vessels collects under the skin in the most dependent portions of the body, causing the appearances known as dropsy. The collections, if bloody, under the skin and the discharges from the nose have been mistaken for the swellings and discharges peculiar to glanders. This destruction of the integrity of the blood seems to be largely due to to the effect of the preceding fever, especially in the case of horses which have previously been poorly fed, over-worked, and kept in ill-ventilated and filthy stables. Another and powerful exciting cause is excessive medication during the fever and too early exposure to cold, wet, and fatigue, with a poor and unnutritious diet during convalescence. These fatal complications are mostly found in horses which have been sick under the circumstances above mentioned, and rarely in horses which have been carefully kept previous to the attack and well attended during and after the fever. Horses convalescing from this epedemic should have a highly nutritious and easily digested diet, To counteract the tendency to scurvy; iron compounds are useful, and such foods should be especially selected as are rich in normal saline constituents of the blood and in amylaceous compounds. Such are the various bulbous roots, viz., turnips, carrots, rutabaga, potatoes, &. These to be readily masticulated and digested should be boiled and mixed with bran or other mash.

A FIXED FACT IN PHARMACY.—Considering the multitude of diseases, it is amazing that we live; In view of the countless remedies for them, it is wonderful that we die. Unfortunately, however, all the diseases are *realities*; some of the "remedies" are *humbugs*. One exception to the latter rule demands the recognition and approval of the press. We refer to DR. JOSEPH WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. Of the Doctor himself, we know nothing; but of his medicine we can speak from observation, for it seems to have found its way into almost every household. Probably it is more extensively used in this country, as a family remedy, than any other preparation, although it has not yet been before the world three years. Wherever we go we hear of it, and wherever we hear of it, the comments on its efficacy are enthusiastic. We have questioned sufferers from liver complaint, remittent fever, fever and ague, chronic headache, vertigo, irregularities of the bowels, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, kidney diseases, and effections of the lungs, as to its effects, and the uniform answer has been, "*It is doing us good.*" Believing that "what every body says must be true," we have no hesitation in admitting that VINEGAR BITTERS is the Great Medical Success of the present century.—*Com.*

Elk City, Kan., offers $40,000 in bonds to the first railroad that reaches the town.

WIDE AWAKE YOUTH'S PAPER.—For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly, entertaining reading, the *Youths Companion* of Boston, has no superior among the youth's publications.—*Com.*

A PROFITABLE TREE.—W. H. Regan has pears of the Flemish Beauty variety, grown by his father at Fillmore, Putnam county, Indiana, which grew upon a tree that has for the last seven years yielded fruit, the average sales of which amounted to two hundred and one dollars per year, besides what was required for family use. —*Northwestern Farmer.*

CABLE SCREW WIRE BOOTS AND SHOES.—A word of explanation may not be out of place. The cable wire acts as a screw, is strong and firm, and at the same time elastic and comfortable. It is much preferable to the old method of pegging, and quite as soft and elastic as sewed work, but much stronger and less liable to rip, and much less expensive. We have tried the cable screw shoe, which has proved all that is claimed for it. The increase in this new method of manufacturing boots and shoes is very rapid, and promises to supersede the wood peg and waxed thread.—*The Standard, Chicago.*

Millions of pairs of shoes tipped with metal, are sold every year. For children's shoes they are absolutely indispensable, unless one can afford the waste of buying two pairs, when only one would be needed; and few can safely submit to such a constant leak. With most people it is the little economies of the household that supply it a members with comfort, and at the same time make the load of the father of moderate means a lighter one to bear. Cents invested in the purchase of metal-tipped shoes, save many a hard-earned dollar.—[Amer. Workman.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, rough skin, pimples, ring-worm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections, cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is more convenient and easily applied than other remedies, avoiding the trouble of the greasy compounds now in use.—*Com.*

A Favorable Notoriety.—The good reputation of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety.—*Com.*

The proprietors of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS, and SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CONDITION POWDERS, have published a readable and instructive pamphlet, which may be had *free* at the stores.—*Com.*

Rufus Chapman of Liberty, Maine, had a stiff leg bent at the knee, limbered and strengthened by the use of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. —*Com.*

If you want a good collar wear the Elmwood. The only one with edges folded all around.—*Com.*

To remove the pain of mosquito bites, make but a single application of "The Queen's Toilet," for the Complexion.—*Com.*

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. "Doubtless the Best Cough Medicine in the World."—*Com.*

What Unspeakable Relief is afforded to the burning and throbbing flesh by a single application of that unequaled balsam for human or brute suffering, MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The tormenting and sleep-destroying pains of rheumatism, gout and neuralgia, are completely banished by its use; stiffness of the joints and painful swellings, quickly yield to its emolient influence; it heals bruises, cuts, scalds, etc., with astonishing rapidity. For strains, spring halt, scratches, saffiin, collar and harness galls, as well as the more serious external maladies of the horse, it is a swift and thorough remedy.—[Com.]

To Cure a Cough, to relieve all irritations of the throat, to restore perfect soundness and health to the most delicate organizations of the human frame—the Lungs—use *Dr. Winter's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, which is still prepared with the same care in the selection and compounding of its various ingredients as when it was introduced to the public by Dr. Winter, over forty years since.

The BROWNS and BLACKS produced by that sterling preparation, Grisadora's Excelsior Hair Dye, cannot be excelled by Nature; its tints challenge comparison with Nature's most favored productions, and defy detection.—*Com.*

FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF.—Warranted to relieve all Rheumatic Affletions, Sprains, Neuralgia, etc. The best, the surest, and the quickest remedy for all Bowel Complaints. Relief guaranteed or the money refunded.—*Com*

Be on the Safe Side.

We hold health and life by a frail tenure, and not to protect them to the best of our ability would seem to argue a deficiency of common sense. The searching winds and cold rains of spring, the tronic heat of summer, the malarious vapors of autumn, and the paralyzing temperature of winter, are all inimical to those finely adjusted and sensitive piecesof mechanism we call our bodies. Each season has its peculiar perils, and the fall is perhaps as prolific of dangerous disorders as any of them; for at this season fevers and bowel complaints are very apt to take